or diminished. The faces were formed by four stone arches, with stone pediments above. The corners of the four faces were supported by eight pieces of cannon, with iron spikes driven into them, and filled up with lead. These looked like black marble pillars. On the pediments, and in the spaces between them, were eight flower-branches of small glass lamps, which, when lighted, looked extremely brilliant. Above the pediments were four niches in wood, in each of which was a painting; and over all was a dome, which terminated this inner structure. The chimney, which proceeded to the top of the Rotunda, was of brick. The band of music consisted of a select number of performers, vocal and instrumental, accompanied by an organ. The concert began about seven o'clock, and, after singing and music, closed about ten. Round the Rotunda, and forming a portion of the building, were forty-seven boxes for the accommodation of the company, in which they were regaled with tea or coffee and other refreshments. In each of these boxes was a painting of some droll figure; and they were lighted by large bell lamps suspended between them. They were divided by wainscoting and square pillars. The latter were in front, and, being main timbers, formed part of the support of the roof. Each pillar was cased, and the front of every alternate pillar ornamented from top to bottom with an oblong looking-glass, in a gilt frame. At the back of each box was a pair of folding doors, which opened into the gardens, and were designed for the convenience of passing in and out without being obliged to use the grand entrances. Each of these boxes would commodiously hold eight persons. The gallery above was fronted with a balustrade and pillars resembling marble, encircled with festoons of flowers in a spiral form, surmounted by termini of plaster of Paris. This gallery also contained forty-seven boxes, lighted like those below. At the distance of twelve boxes from the orchestra, on the right hand, was the Prince's box, for the reception of any of the Royal Family. It was elegantly hung with paper, and ornamented in the front with the Prince of Wales's crest. The great ceiling of the Rotunda had a stone-coloured ground, on which, at proper intervals, were oval panels, with paintings of celestial figures on a sky-blue ground. Festoons of flowers, and other ornaments, connected the panels with some of a smaller size and of a square form, on which were arabesque ornaments in stone colour, on a dark-brown ground. From the ceiling hung twenty-three chandeliers, in two circles; each chandelier ornamented with a gilt coronet, and the candles contained in seventeen bell lamps. Twenty chandeliers were in the external circle, and eight in the internal. On the whole, it might have been said of Ranelagh, that it was one of those public places of entertainment for convenience, elegance, and grandeur unsurpassed.

The Rotunda was first opened on the 5th of April, 1742, with a public breakfast, a species of entertainment that was afterwards suppressed by act of Parliament, as detrimental to society. Morning concerts were also given for some time at Ranelagh, consisting chiefly of selections from oratorios. Musical performances of a more original and important character were gradually introduced. We learn from the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1767 that on the 12th of May, "At Ranelagh House were performed the much-admired catches and glees, selected from the curious collection of the Catch Club; being the first of the kind publicly exhibited in this or any other kingdom. The entertainment

consisted of the favourite catches and glees composed by the most eminent masters of the last and present age, by a considerable number of the best vocal and instrumental performers. The choral and instrumental parts were added, to give the catches and glees their proper effect in so large an amphitheatre; being composed for that purpose by *Dr. Arne.*" This eminent musician had married a songstress of distinguished reputation, Miss Cecilia Young. His connexion with Mr. Tyers began in the year 1745, when his wife appeared at Vauxhall, and he himself became principal composer there. Although we do not find the fact expressly stated, it is highly probable that Dr. Arne was concerned in the musical performance at Vauxhall in 1749, which we find thus recorded in the 'Gentleman's Magazine:'—"April 25, 1749, was performed at Vauxhall Gardens the rehearsal of the music for the fireworks (to be given in St. James's Park on the 29th), by a band of 100 musicians, to an audience of above 12,000 persons: tickets 2*s.* 6*d.* So great a resort occasioned such a stoppage on London Bridge that no carriage could pass for three hours." The morning entertainments soon gave place to those of the evening—a period of the day more congenial to such enjoyments, which were occasionally enhanced by the exhibition of fire-works on a very magnificent scale, accompanied by mimic representations of an eruption of Mount Etna, and other natural phenomena, similar to that we have seen recently revived at the Surrey Zoological Gardens.

Lastly, masquerades were introduced, and gave a new, but not very honourable or permanently useful, interest to Ranelagh. It is after a masquerade at Ranelagh that the ruin of one of Fielding's female characters in 'Amelia' is accomplished, and Amelia herself is destined to a similar fate under similar circumstances, when she is happily warned of her danger. But the most interesting record we possess concerning the masquerades of Ranelagh is to be found in a satirical paper in the 'Connoisseur,' where the writer, having referred to a celebrated lady who had a few years before attempted to introduce a new species of masquerade, by lopping off the exuberance of dress, and appearing in the character of Iphigenia undressed for the sacrifice, continues, "What the above-mentioned lady had the hardiness to attempt alone will (I am assured) be set on foot by our persons of fashion as soon as the hot days come in. Ranelagh is the place pitched upon for their meeting, where it is proposed to have a masquerade *al fresco.* . . . . One set of ladies, I am told, intend to personate water-nymphs bathing in the canal; three sisters, celebrated for their charms, design to appear together as the three Graces; and a certain lady of quality, who most resembles the goddess of beauty, is now practising, from a model of the noted statue of Venus de Medicis, the most striking attitudes for that character. As to the gentlemen, they may most of them represent very suitably the half-brutal forms of Satyrs, Pans, Fauns, and Centaurs, &c. . . . If this scheme for a naked masquerade should meet with encouragement (as there is no doubt but it must), it is proposed to improve it still farther. Persons of fashion cannot but lament that there are no diversions allotted to Sunday, except the card-table; and they can never enough regret that the Sunday evening's tea-drinkings at Ranelagh were laid aside, from a superstitious regard to religion. They therefore intend to have a particular sort of masquerade on that day, in which they may show their taste by ridiculing all the old women's tales contained in that

idle book of fables, the Bible, while the vulgar are devoutly attending to them at church. This indeed is not without a parallel: we have had an instance already of an Eve; and, by borrowing the serpent in Orpheus and Eurydice, we might have the whole story of the Fall of Man exhibited in a masquerade."*

But, after all, the chief amusement of Ranelagh was the promenading round the circular area of the Rotunda, to see and be seen; and a very dull sort of amusement it must have proved, when the gloss of novelty had worn off, to all that numerous class of visitants who were unable to appreciate the music, which played at intervals through the whole evening, and who had no claim to be considered as members of the fashionable world. "Then again, there 's your famous Ranelagh that you make such a fuss about," says Captain Mirvan, in Miss Burney's novel of 'Evelina;'† "why, what a dull place is that!"

"'Ranelagh dull!—Ranelagh dull!' was echoed from mouth to mouth; and the ladies, as of one accord, regarded the Captain with looks of the most ironical contempt.

"'As to Ranelagh,' said Mr. Lovel, 'most indubitably, though the price is plebeian, it is by no means adapted to the plebeian taste. It requires a certain acquaintance with high life, and—and—and something of—of—something *d'un vrai goût*, to be really sensible of its merit. Those whose—whose connexions, and so forth, are not among *les gens comme il faut*, can feel nothing but *ennui* at such a place as Ranelagh.'"

This passage gives us an excellent idea of the chief attraction of Ranelagh; and the poet Bloomfield, in some amusing verses written about the period of its fall, thus good-humouredly ridicules the empty, unmeaning character of the entertainments:—

"To Ranelagh once in my life
By good-natur'd force I was driven;
The nations had ceas'd their long strife,
And Peace beam'd her radiance from heaven.
What wonders were here to be found
That a clown might enjoy or disdain?
First, we trac'd the gay circle all round;
Ay—*and then we went round it again.*

A thousand feet rustled on mats,—
A carpet that once had been green;
Men bow'd with their outlandish hats,
With corners so fearfully keen.
Fair maids, who at home in their haste
Had left all clothing else but a train,
Swept the floor clean as slowly they pac'd,
Then—*walk'd round and swept it again*," &c.

We may see from this last verse that the satire of the 'Connoisseur' had not driven the ladies into a more becoming style of dress. Not much longer, however, did Ranelagh afford a scene for such displays. It became less and less popular even among its supporters, and at last (about 1805) the Rotunda was pulled down, and the beautiful Ranelagh disappeared, leaving not a vestige of its existence behind.

* 'Connoisseur,' No. 66. May 1, 1755. † Letter xxiii.

VAUXHALL,

THOUGH under another name, dates its origin a little earlier than Ranelagh. The first mention of its existence as a public place of resort is also one of the most interesting of its many and illustrious literary associations. This occurs in the 'Spectator;' a number of which (383), dated from Addison's Summer-house at Islington, May 20, 1712, is devoted to an account of his visit to Vauxhall, in company with Sir Roger de Coverley, that most exquisite of Addison's creations. They go by water in a wherry from the Temple Stairs, the good Knight, with characteristic thoughtfulness, taking care to employ a waterman with a wooden leg; observing,

[Vauxhall in 1751.]

"You must know I never make use of anybody to row me that has not lost either a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a lord, or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg." Sir Roger having trimmed the boat with his coachman, "who, being a very sober man, always served for ballast on such occasions," they made the best of their way to Faux Hall. On their way, Sir Roger, according to custom, gives good night to every person he passes on the water, one of whom, instead of returning the civility, asked what queer old put they had in the boat, and whether he was not ashamed to go a wenching at his years? with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length, assuming a face of magistracy, told his friend "that, if he were a Middlesex justice, he would make such vagrants know that her Majesty's

subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land." "We were now, continues Addison, "arrived at Spring Garden (Vauxhall), which is excellently pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the chorus of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shade, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. 'You must understand,' says the Knight, 'that there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator! the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!' He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the Knight, being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her 'She was a wanton baggage,' and bid her go about her business. We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung-beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the Knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's commands with a peremptory look. As we were going out of the garden, my old friend, thinking himself obliged, as a member of the quorum, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who sat at the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden if there were more nightingales and fewer strumpets." Such is our earliest notice of Vauxhall as a public garden, written most probably not long after its opening. The name, as we have here seen, was originally Faux Hall, which has been corrupted into the present appellation of Vauxhall. It was popularly derived from Guy Faux, the gunpowder-plot conspirator; but the true derivation is supposed to be from Fulk or Faulk de Brent, a famous Norman soldier of fortune, to whom King John gave in marriage Margaret de Ripariis or Redvers. To that lady belonged the manor of Lambeth, to which the mansion called Fauks Hall, was annexed. At all events, the manor-house was known for centuries before Guy Faux's time under the name it now bears. The manor, with the Isle of Wight and other property, was purchased by Edward I.; and by Edward the Black Prince it was given to the church of Canterbury, to which see it still belongs: Henry VIII., at the suppression of the monastery, having granted it to the dean and chapter. Near the Thames was formerly a large mansion belonging to Sir Thomas Parry, Chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, and held by him of the manor of Kennington. Here the ill-fated Arabella Stuart, whose misfortune it was to be too nearly allied to a Crown, remained prisoner for twelve months, under the custody of Sir Thomas. This house, in Norden's 'Survey' (1615), is called Copt Hall, and is described as being opposite to a capital mansion called Fauxe Hall. The latter, Lysons imagines, was the ancient manor-house mentioned above, which being afterwards pulled down or otherwise lost, the name was transferred to Copt Hall. In the Parliamentary Survey taken after the execution of Charles I., Sir Thomas Parry's house is described as "a capital messuage called Vauxhall, alias Copped Hall,

bounded by the Thames; being a fair dwelling-house, strongly built, of three stories high, and a fair staircase breaking out from it of nineteen feet square." It was sold in 1652, but reverted to the Crown at the Restoration. After passing through various hands, in 1675 Sir Samuel Morland obtained a lease of Vauxhall House, made it his residence, and considerably improved the premises. This gentleman was a great mechanic, and every part of his house was filled with his works. The side-table in the dining-room was supplied with a large fountain, and the glasses stood under little streams of water. His coach had a moveable kitchen with clock-work machinery, with which he could make soup, broil steaks, or roast a joint of meat. When he travelled he was accordingly his own cook. From this period to that of the visit of Addison and Sir Roger nothing appears to be known concerning Vauxhall, nor again from that time to 1732, when the gardens were in the occupation of Jonathan Tyers, Esq., and were opened by him in a style of novel magnificence. Of this gentleman we shall have more to say. On the re-opening there were about four hundred persons present. The ladies with their long waists, arching hoops, and decorated fans formed but a small proportion of the number: scarce one in ten, we are informed. One hun-

[Ladies of the reign of George II., from Jeffrey's collection.]

a, 1735; *b*, 1745; *c*, 1755.

dred soldiers were present to keep good order—a precaution that seems to explain very significantly the character of many of the anticipated visitants. The entertainment given on this occasion, which was announced as a "Ridotto al Fresco," was several times repeated, which encouraged the proprietor so much that in a short time he opened the gardens every evening during the proper season. Among Tyers's numerous friends was Hogarth, who had a summer residence at Lambeth, and who, to add to the attractions of the place, advised him to decorate the boxes with paintings. The suggestion was immediately carried into effect, and at a great expense. Some of the paintings were copies by Hayman of Hogarth's own productions, and which still remain in the gardens. Tyers acknowledged the assistance he had received by a present of a gold medal, which admitted the artist and his friends free. As Vauxhall grew more and more in the public estimation, the proprietor erected an organ in the orchestra, and placed a

statue of Handel, by the great French sculptor, Roubilliac, in the gardens. But it is time that we should give a more particular description of the appearance of the gardens under their new aspect. The favourite method of reaching them was of course still by small boats on the water, and a gay and animated scene the Thames must have presented at such times. The author of 'A Trip to Vauxhall' (1737) thus describes this very pleasant mode of locomotion. He has two ladies in company with him: so

"Lolling in state, with one on either side,
And gently pulling with the wind and tide,
Last night, the evening of a sultry day,
We sail'd triumphant on the liquid way,
To hear the fiddlers of Spring Gardens play,
To see the walks, orchestra, colonnades,
The lamps and trees in mingled lights and shades.
The scene so new, with pleasure and surprise,
Feasted awhile our ravish'd ears and eyes.
The motley crowd we next with care survey,
The young, the old, the splenetic, and gay," &c.

The poem then proceeds with a satirical account of the company assembled in the gardens, referring of course more particularly to well-known individuals. A fuller account of the gardens is given in a letter professedly written by a foreigner to his friend at Paris; and which was published in 'The Champion,' of the 5th of August, 1742. The writer had previously visited Ranelagh, and in reference to that place says, "I was now (at Vauxhall) introduced to a place of a very different kind from that I had visited the night before: vistas, woods, tents, buildings, and company, I had a glimpse of, but could discover none of them distinctly, for which reason I began to repine that we had not arrived sooner, when all in a moment, as if by magic, every object was made visible, I should rather say illustrious, by a thousand lights finely disposed, which were kindled at one and the same signal; and my ears and my eyes, head and heart, were captivated at once. Right before me extended a long and regular vista; on my right hand I stepped into a delightful grove, wild, as if planted by the hand of nature, under the foliage of which at equal distances I found two similar tents, of such a contrivance and form as a painter of genius and judgment would choose to adorn his landscape with. Farther on, still on my right, through a noble triumphal arch, with a grand curtain, still in the picturesque style, artificially thrown over it, an excellent statue of Handel (Roubilliac's) appears in the action of playing upon the lyre, which is finely set off by various greens, which form in miniature a sort of woody theatre. The grove itself is bounded on three sides, except the intervals made by the two vistas, which lead to and from it, with a plain but handsome colonnade, divided into different apartments to receive different companies, and distinguished and adorned with paintings, which, though slight, are well fancied, and have a very good effect. In the middle centre of the grove, fronting a handsome banqueting-room, the very portico of which is adorned and illuminated with curious lustres of crystal glass, stands the orchestra (for music likewise here is the soul of the entertainment), and at some distance behind it a pavilion that beggars all description—I do not mean for the richness of the materials of

which it is composed, but for the nobleness of the design and the elegance of the decorations with which it is adorned. In a word, architecture such as Greece would not be ashamed of, and drapery far beyond the imaginations of the East, are united in a taste that I believe never was equalled, nor can be exceeded." Our readers may think this praise somewhat extravagant; but there is in Fielding's 'Amelia' a very interesting passage, which shows us that it did no more than justice to the exceeding loveliness of Vauxhall. The great novelist observes, and evidently in his own personal character, "The extreme beauty and elegance of this place is well known to almost every one of my readers; and happy is it for me that it is so, since to give an adequate idea of it would exceed my power of description. To delineate the particular beauties of these gardens would indeed require as much pains, and as much paper too, *as to rehearse all the good actions of their master;* whose life proves the truth of an observation which I have read in some other writer, that a truly elegant taste is generally accompanied with an excellency of heart; or, in other words, that true virtue is indeed nothing else but true taste." * Under a man of this stamp, it is not probable that Vauxhall would remain to any serious degree obnoxious to the censures with which Addison and Sir Roger de Coverley branded it. It was, no doubt, made an innocent as well as an elegant place of enjoyment, if we measure it by the only fair standard, the manners and customs of the best society of the time. Goldsmith, writing perhaps about 1760, having praised the singers and the very elegant band of performers, continues, "The satisfaction which I received the first night (of the season) I went there was greater than my expectations; I went in company of several friends of both sexes, whose virtues I regard and judgments I esteem. The music, the entertainments, but particularly the singing, diffused that good humour among us which constitutes the true happiness of society." † The same author's account of Vauxhall in the 'Citizen of the World' contains some interesting passages; this occurs in the description of the visit to the gardens of the shabby beau, the man in black, and one or two other persons, in company with the Chinese philosopher. The beau's lady, Mrs. Tibbs, has a natural aversion to the water, and the pawnbroker's widow, being "a little in flesh," protests against walking, so a coach is agreed on as the mode of conveyance. "The illuminations," says the philosopher, "began before we arrived, and I must confess that upon entering the gardens I found every sense overpaid with more than expected pleasure: the lights everywhere glimmering through scarcely-moving trees; the full-bodied concert bursting on the stillness of night; the natural concert of the birds in the more retired part of the grove, vying with that which was formed by art; the company gaily dressed, looking satisfaction, and the tables spread with various delicacies,—all conspired to fill my imagination with the visionary happiness of the Arabian lawgiver, and lifted me into an ecstasy of admiration. 'Head of Confucius,' cried I to my friend, 'this is fine! this unites rural beauty with courtly magnificence.'" A dispute between the two ladies now engages the philosopher's attention: "Mrs. Tibbs was for keeping the genteel walk of the garden, where, she ob-

* Amelia, b. ix. c. ix.

† A Visit to Vauxhall. Prior's Ed. of Goldsmith's Works, vol. i. p. 202.

served, there was always the very best company; the widow, on the contrary, who came but once a season, was for securing a good standing-place to see the water-works, which she assured us would begin in less than an hour at furthest." The cascade here referred to had been but recently introduced into the gardens, so we need not wonder at the widow's anxiety to see what was as yet a great attraction. A few years later the "water-works" were greatly improved, and called the Cataract; the effects then produced were very ingenious and beautiful; and at the signal for their commencement,—the ringing of a bell at nine o'clock,—there was a general rush from all parts of the gardens. The widow, therefore, shows her prudence in getting a good standing-place in time. From another part of the same account we perceive that the keepers of the boxes were accustomed to make distinctions between the persons who desired boxes, reserving those "in the very focus of the public view," where the beau wished to be, for "more genteel company." We may conclude our notice of the literary associations of Vauxhall by recalling to our readers the well-known scenes in Miss Burney's novels which take place in the gardens, more particularly the one in 'Evelina,' where the heroine endures so many mortifications whilst in the company of the vulgar family of the Braughtons, and that in 'Cecilia,' where the weak and miserable Harrel, after a night of frenzied gaiety, commits suicide.

Up to the year 1752 Tyers was only a tenant, but he then purchased the property. He died in 1767. "Tom Tyers," his son, author of 'Political Conferences,' was one of Johnson's social circle, and not the least esteemed of its members.

We have alluded to the literary associations of Vauxhall; and these remind us of some others of an amusing character. The following appeared as an advertisement in the 'London Chronicle' of the 5th August, 1758:—"A young lady who was at Vauxhall on Thursday night last in company with two gentlemen could not but observe a young gentleman in blue and a gold-laced hat, who, being near her by the orchestra during the performance, especially the last song, gazed upon her with the utmost attention. He earnestly hopes (if unmarried) she will favour him with a line, directed to A. D., at the bar of the Temple Exchange Coffee-house, Temple Bar, to inform him whether fortune, family, and character may not entitle him, upon a further knowledge, to hope an interest in her heart," &c. The advertisement is altogether written in a spirit and style which seem to mark it as the genuine effusion of a lover whom despair of finding the object of his sudden attachment had impelled into the adoption of an unusual course. Another reminiscence of Vauxhall is connected with the half-insane conduct of a man who, about sixteen years ago, excited a great deal of temporary notice. He called himself "the Ærial," and appears to have been filled with the idea of his more than earthly physical perfections. Among various other fantastic tricks, he was in the habit of calling upon eminent professional men, surgeons and artists, and offering them permission to study for their several purposes from his body as a model of perfection. His first public appearance at Vauxhall is thus recorded in 'The Times' of the 2nd of July, 1825:—"An individual in a splendid dress of Spanish costume has excited much attention at Vauxhall Gardens. Having walked or rather skipped round the promenade with a great air

of consequence, saluting the company as he passed along, he at length mingled amongst the audience in the front of the orchestra, and distributed a number of cards, on each of which was written, 'The Ærial challenges the whole world to find a man that can in any way compete with him as such.' After having served about three or four hundred of these challenges, he darted off like lightning, taking the whole circuit of the gardens in his career, and made his exit through the grand entrance into the road, where a carriage was in waiting for him, into which he sprang and was driven off."

The prices of admission into the gardens have undergone several changes: prior to 1792 the charge was one shilling; new and expensive decorations were then introduced, and the charge raised to two shillings, including however tea and coffee. During the present century four shillings without any refreshment has been long paid; the next change was to the original price of one shilling only. During this last-mentioned period a new and great attraction was added—the Nassau balloon, the largest machine of the kind yet constructed; which, as is well known, derives its name from the extraordinary aërial journey made in it from London to Nassau in Germany, by Mr. Green and his fellow-travellers. At present, during the few nights on which the gardens are open prior to the disposal of the property, the price of admission is three shillings.

Yes, Ranelagh is gone; and but a few short days or weeks may elapse before Vauxhall will have shared its fate. The "lustrous long arcades," along which of old swept the courtly and fashionable throng,—revelling in all the

[Costume, 1735. Mall in St. James's Park.]

fantastic varieties of the Mode, as we see them pictured in engravings of the time,—will perhaps soon be changed into long and busy rows of bricks and mortar, where the wandering minstrel with his barrel-organ will usurp

the place of the magnificent "full-bodied concert," and the stentorian cries of the perambulatory dealers rise in harsh contrast with the songs of the nightingales which were once heard from the lofty, over-arching, and fragrant boughs, in the same place, when Addison roamed along its walks, meditating possibly his next 'Spectator,' and beheld, in his "mind's eye," Sir Roger, by his side, buried in a train of the tenderest recollections of the widow!

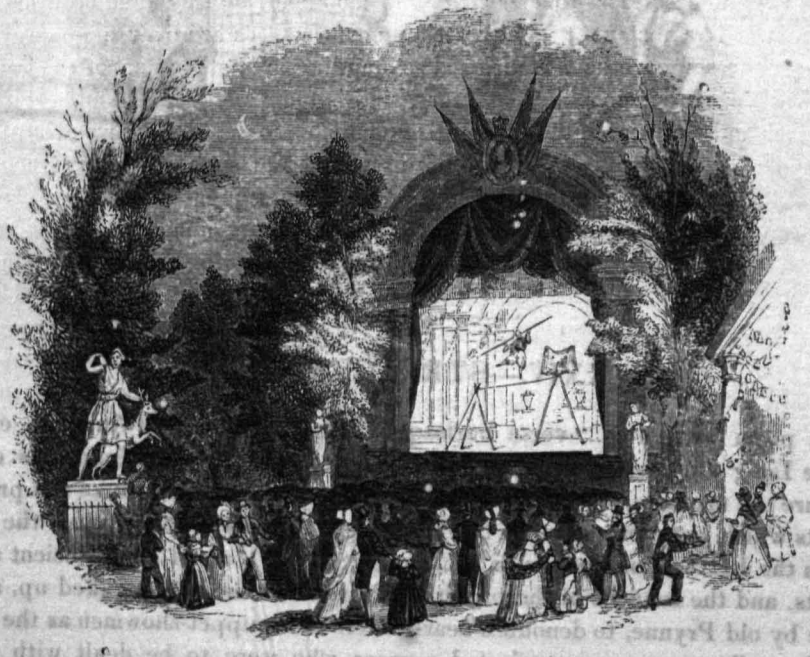
But the illustrious memories of such places as Ranelagh and Vauxhall, like the deeds of good men, die not with them. We shall still be able to a certain extent to enjoy all they offered for enjoyment in the pages of our great writers; and even this humble memorial may not for the same purpose be found useless. It is that consideration which impels us to conclude our paper with a description of a place so often described, and so generally well known. What would be useless as a present guide may as a future *record* be of value. The mode of entrance into the gardens, which extend over about eleven acres, is admirably calculated to enhance their extraordinary effect on the first view. We step at once from the passages into a scene of enchantment, such as in our young days opened upon our eyes as we pored over the magical pages of the 'Arabian Nights.' It were indeed worth some sacrifice of time, money, and convenience, to see for once in a lifetime that view. At first, one wide-extended and interminable blaze of radiance is the idea impressed upon the dazzled beholder. As his eyes grow accustomed to the place, he perceives the form of the principal part of the gardens resolve itself into a kind of long quadrangle, formed by four colonnades which enclose an open space with trees, called the Grove. On his right extends one of the colonnades, some three hundred feet long, with an arched Gothic roof, where the groins are marked by lines of lamps, shedding a yellow golden light, and the pendants by single crimson lamps of a larger size at the intersections. The effect of this arrangement is most superb. Near the eye, the lines or groins appear singly, showing their purpose; farther off they grow closer and closer, till at some distance the entire vista beyond appears one rich blaze of radiance. In front the visitor looks across one of the shorter ends of the quadrangle, illuminated in a different but still more magnificent manner by a chandelier of great size, formed of coloured lamps, and by various smaller chandeliers. Still standing in the same place (at the door of entrance), and looking across the interior of the quadrangle called the Grove, midway is seen the lofty orchestra, glittering all over with the many-coloured light diffused from innumerable lamps. This was erected in 1735, and has itself many interesting memories attached to it. Beneath that vast shell which forms the roof or sounding-board of the orchestra many of our greatest vocalists and performers have poured forth their strains to the delight of the crowded auditory in front—Signor and Signora Storace, Mrs. Billington, Miss Tyrer (now Mrs. Liston), Incledon, Braham, and a host of others, at once rise to the memory. The Grove is illuminated not only by the reflected light from the colonnades on either side and by the orchestra, but by festoons of lamps, gracefully undulating along the sides of the colonnades from one end to the other. Among the other attractions of the Grove, we find immediately we step into it some beautiful plaster casts from the antique, the light colour of which forms a fine contrast with

the blackness of the neighbouring trees and the solemn gloom of the sky above, which assumes a still deeper tinge when seen under such circumstances. Immediately opposite these, at the back of the short colonnade which forms this end of the Grove, with elevated arches opening upon the colonnade, is the splendid room originally called the Pavilion, now the Hall of Mirrors, a title more appropriate as marking its distinctive character, the walls being lined with looking-glass. This is the principal supper-room. Turning the corner we enter upon the other of the two principal colonnades, which is similarly illuminated. A little way down we find an opening into the Rotunda, a very large and handsome building, with boxes, pit, and gallery in the circular part, and on one side a stage for the performance of ballets, &c. The pit forms also, when required, an arena for the display of horsemanship. At the end of this colonnade we have on the right the colonnade forming the other extremity of the Grove, hollowed out into a semicircular form, the space being fitted up somewhat in the manner of a Turkish divan. On the left we find the more distant and darker parts of the gardens. Here the first spot that attracts our attention is a large space, the back of which presents a kind of mimic amphitheatre of trees and foliage, having in front rock-work and fountains; from one of the latter Eve has just issued, as we perceive by the beautiful figure reclining on the grass above. Not far from this place a fine cast of Diana arresting the flying hart stands out in admirable relief from the dark-green leafy background. Here too is a large building, presenting in front the appearance of the proscenium and stage of a theatre. Ballets, performances on the tight-rope, and others of a like character, are here exhibited. The purpose of the building is happily marked by the statues of Canova's dancing-girls, one of which is placed on each side of the area at the front. At the corner of a long walk, between trees lighted only by single lamps spread at intervals on the ground at the sides, is seen a characteristic representation of Tell's cottage in the Swiss Alps. This walk is terminated by an illuminated transparency, placed behind a Gothic gateway, representing the delicate but broken shafts of some ruined ecclesiastical structure, with a large stone cross—that characteristic feature of the way-sides of Roman Catholic countries. At right angles with this walk extends a much broader one, with the additional illumination of a brilliant star; and at its termination is an opening containing a very imposing spectacle. This is a representation, in a large circular basin of water, of Neptune with his trident, driving his five sea-horses abreast, which are snorting forth liquid streams from their nostrils; these in their ascent cross and intermingle in a very pleasing and striking manner. The lustrous white and great size of the figures are, like all the other works of art in the gardens, admirably contrasted with the surrounding features of the place. Passing in our way the large building erected for the convenience of filling the great balloon, and the area where the fireworks are exhibited, we next enter the Italian Walk, so called from its having been originally decorated in the formal, exact style of the walks of that country. This is a noble promenade or avenue of great length and breadth, crossed every few yards by a lofty angular arch of lamps, with festoons of the same brilliant character, hanging from it, and having statues interspersed on each side throughout.

On quitting this walk at its farther extremity we find ourselves in the centre of the long colonnade opposite to that we quitted in order to examine the more remote parts of the gardens. The inner side of each of the long colonnades is occupied by innumerable supper-boxes, in some of which yet remain the pictures before referred to. We have scarcely had time for this hasty survey, during which too our attention has been partially drawn away by the noble music which has been playing almost without intermission since we entered the gardens, before the performances commence with a ballet in the Rotunda, relieved from its usual dulness and absurdity by the extraordinary feats of the Ravel Family, some of which set at nought all our ordinary notions of the anatomy of the body, or the laws of its locomotion. Walking, or rather hopping, across the stage, on *one* stilt, and without any other support, at a quiet gentlemanly pace, is but one, and not the most extraordinary, of the many curious things here done. Ducrow's troop next exhibit their unrivalled skill and elegance in the management of the horse, though it is no easy task to clear the pit for them, by this time crowded with spectators. The instant the equestrian performances are over a general race ensues for the stage we have mentioned as standing in another part of the gardens, where tight-rope dancing of no ordinary kind is to be exhibited. And certainly so much ease and elegance in the accomplishment of feats that appear wonderful to be accomplished at all make us forget the uselessness of such laboriously acquired skill, or the danger with which its display is not unfrequently attended. Indeed, as we looked upon the feats done by the performers, one of them a member of the family previously noticed, we could scarcely help wondering whether after all the tight rope was not man's natural sphere of exertion; certainly we beheld much done *on* the rope that we should find it difficult to imitate *off*. A bell now rings, and summons us to the last and by far the most beautiful and satisfactory to our minds of the entertainments of the evening—the fire-works. Vauxhall has long been distinguished for the excellence of its displays of this elegant art; and in the hands of the present artist its reputation has been still further advanced. In the words of a very recent writer, who has described one of these exhibitions so happily that we shall do better justice to what we ourselves beheld by using his language than our own,—"The fire-works of D'Ernst were one of the most superb displays of pyrotechny that we ever saw—not so much for quantity as quality: the devices were most ingenious, and the colours intensely beautiful. The showers of sparks served as a golden fringe or setting to the luminous gems that blazed in the centre, like concentric circles of ruby, emerald, and sapphire, glowing with preternatural lustre. The rockets rushed upwards as though they would reach the moon, and burst forth in showers of golden tears, silver stars, and amber balls; while some changed, as they fell, from lustrous green to burning crimson: fiery rings darted to and fro like comets, jets of fire went spinning upwards, and nests of serpents were shaken out into the air. In short, D'Ernst might achieve a Gorgon's head, with snaky tresses and flaming eyeballs, as a feat of artificial fire, if he were so minded."* We must add to this vivid description that during the last portion of the exhibition

* Spectator newspaper, July 10, 1841.

a child ascended a tight-rope stretched at a great height over the gardens, his slender form now hid by the smoke, now revealed by the intense light suddenly bursting forth from different parts of the area: when he had reached the extreme altitude he returned; and as he descended from the giddy elevation, the entire space became wrapped in almost sudden darkness. The distant orchestra now begins again to summon listeners; the promenaders recommence their walks along the glorious colonnades; whilst the glimpse of attendants darting to and fro with refreshments reminds the hungry that it is now supper-time at Vauxhall.



[Vauxhall, 1841.—The Ballet Theatre and Entrance to the Dark Walk.]

[Punch, 1841.]

XXIV.—STREET SIGHTS.

In a poem written in "verse burlesque" by Sir William D'Avenant, entitled 'The Long Vacation in London,'—(we have already quoted from this curious picture of manners)—there is a very satisfactory enumeration of the principal sights which were presented to the admiring wayfarers of our city at the period when the Restoration had given back to the people some of their ancient amusements, and the councils of the primitive church were no longer raked up, as they were by old Prynne, to denounce bear-leaders and puppet-showmen as the agents of the evil one,—excommunicated persons who were to be dealt with by the strong arm of the law, civil and ecclesiastical.* It may be convenient in our notice of this large miscellaneous subject if we take D'Avenant's description as a middle point in the history of street sights; looking occasionally, by way of comparison, at the more remarkable of those classes of popular exhibitors who may be called the ancestors, and those who are in the same manner the descendants, of the individual performers of the days of Charles II. The passage in D'Avenant's poem is as follows:—

"Now vaulter good, and dancing lass
On rope, and man that cries Hey, pass!
And tumbler young that needs but stoop,
Lay head to heel to creep through hoop;

* See Prynne's Histrio-Mastix, p. 583.

And man in chimney hid to dress,
Puppet that acts our old Queen Bess,
And man that whilst the puppets play,
Through nose expoundeth what they say;
And white oat-eater that does dwell
In stable small at sign of Bell,
That lift up hoof to show the pranks
Taught by magician, styled Banks;
And ape, led captive still in chain
Till he renounce the Pope and Spain:
All these on hoof now trudge from town
To cheat poor turnip-eating clown."

What a congregation of wonders is here! Hogarth could not have painted his glorious 'Southwark Fair' without actual observation; but here is an assemblage from which a companion picture might be made, offering us the varieties of costume and character which distinguish the age of Charles II. from that of George II. But such sights can only be grouped together now in London upon remarkable occasions. The London of our own day, including its gigantic suburbs, is not the place to find even in separate localities the vaulter, the dancing lass, the conjurer, the tumbler, the puppet-show, the raree-show, the learned horse, or the loyal ape. Fleet Street, for example, is much too busy a place for the wonder-mongers to congregate in. A merchant in Ben Jonson's 'Fox' says—

"'Twere a rare *motion* to be seen in Fleet-street."

A motion is another name for a puppet-show. His companion answers,

"Ay, *in the Term*."

Fifty years afterwards D'Avenant tells us of his vagabonds, that in the Long Vacation

"All these on hoof now trudge from town
To cheat poor turnip-eating clown."

The sight-showers, we thus see, were in high activity in the Term, because Fleet Street was then full. When is it now empty? There is no room for their trades. They are elbowed out. We have seen, however, in some half-quiet thoroughfare of Lambeth, or of Clerkenwell, a dingy cloth spread upon the road, and a ring of children called together at the sound of horn, to behold a dancing lass in all the finery of calico trousers and spangles, and a tumbler with his hoop: and on one occasion sixpence was extracted from our pockets, because the said tumbler had his hoop splendid with ribbons, which showed him to have a reverence for the poetry and antiquity of his calling. He knew the line,—

"And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop*."

But the tumbler himself was a poor performer. His merit was not called out. The street passengers had as little to give to him as to the beggars, because they were too busy to be amused. If the Italian who exhibited before Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth could appear again in our metropolitan thoroughfares, we should pass on, regardless of his "turnings, tumblings, castings, hops, jumps, leaps, skips, springs, gambols, summersets, caperings, and flights; forward, backward, sideways, downward, and upward, with sundry windings, gyrings, and

* Love's Labour's Lost.

circumflexions*." Joseph Clark, the great posture-master, who figured about the period of the Revolution, would have had a much better chance with us. We require powerful stimulants; and he, as it is recorded in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' had "such an absolute command of all his muscles and joints, that he could disjoint almost his whole body." Not a deformity which nature or accident had produced in the most miserable of cripples but Joseph Clark could imitate. Ask for a hunchback, and he straightway had one at command. Require the

"Fair round belly with good capon lin'd,"

and he could produce it without a pillow. He would make his hips invade the place of his back; and it was perfectly easy to him for one leg to advance with the heel foremost, and another with the toes. He imposed upon Molins, a celebrated surgeon, so completely, that he was dismissed as an incurable cripple. No tailor could measure him, for his hump would shift from one shoulder to the other; and anon he would be perfectly straight and well proportioned. One picture of him has been preserved to posterity, but there ought to have been a dozen.

[Joseph Clark: from Tempest's Collection.]

D'Avenant has grouped his performers as they had been practically associated together for some centuries before his time. The *joculator* was not very inferior in dignity to the minstrel; but in time he became degraded into a *juggler*, and a hocus-pocus. The "man that cries Hey, pass!" was the great star of the exhibition, and the rope-dancer and tumbler and vaulter were his satellites. In a print to the "Orbis Pictus" of Comenius (1658) the juggler and his exhibition are represented with these various attractions. Nor was music wanting to the charm of these street performances. The beautiful air known by the name of 'Balance a Straw' was an especial favourite with the rope-dancers, and certainly its graceful movement would indicate that these performances had somewhat more of refinement in them than is commonly supposed to belong to such amuse-

* Laneham's Letter from Kenilworth, 1575.

ments for the people. The air is given in Mr. Chappell's collection; but we hope it may still be heard from the chimes of some country church, which have gone on for a century or two bestowing their melodies upon thankless ears: more probably, growing out of order, the chimes have been voted a nuisance by the vestry, and are consigned to oblivion, with many other touching remembrances of the past.

The following engraving of a conjurer's booth in 1721 exhibits the alliance of the juggler with the tumbler. The feats which the painted cloth exhibits to us

[Faux, the Conjurer.]

are nothing very remarkable; but Hogarth, in his 'Southwark Fair,' has performances of another character. We have there a vaulter on the slack-rope, and he is no less a person than Signor Violante, who was sometimes honoured with more select spectators than Hogarth has assigned to him. Malcolm, in his 'Londinium Redivivum,' tells us, in his notice of St. Martin's church, "Soon after the completion of the steeple, an adventurous Italian named Violante descended from the arches, head foremost, on a rope stretched thence across St. Martin's Lane to the Royal Mews: the princesses were present, and many eminent persons." Hogarth in his print has preserved to us a representation of this sort of rope-flying. A man is thus descending from the church-tower in the background. This adventurer, whose name was Cadman, perished at Shrewsbury in the performance of a similar feat. In the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1740 there is a magnificent copy of verses "On the death of the famous flyer on the rope at Shrewsbury," full of classical similes. We prefer to transcribe the tomb-

stone lines upon the poor man, which lines Steevens, in his edition of Hogarth, calls contemptible:—

"Let this small monument record the name
Of Cadman, and to future times proclaim
How, by an attempt to fly from this high spire
Across the Sabrine stream, he did acquire
His fatal end. 'Twas not for want of skill,
Or courage, to perform the task, he fell:
No, no—a faulty cord, being drawn too tight,
Hurried his soul on high to take her flight,
Which bid the body here beneath good night."

But there is nothing new under the sun. Neither Cadman nor Violante were the inventors of steeple-flying. As early as the times of Edward VI. there was a precisely similar exhibition. The following description is from a paper in the 'Archæologia,' vol. vii., quoted in Strutt's 'Sports and Pastimes:'—"There was a rope, as great as the cable of a ship, stretched in length from the battlements of Paul's steeple, with a great anchor at one end, fastened a little before the dean of Paul's house-gate; and when his Majesty approached near the same, there came a man, a stranger, being a native of Arragon, lying on the rope with his head forward, casting his arms and legs abroad, running on his breast on the rope from the battlements to the ground, as if it had been an arrow out of a bow, and stayed on the ground. Then he came to his Majesty and kissed his foot; and so, after certain words to his Highness, he departed from him again, and went upwards upon the rope till he came over the midst of the churchyard, where he, having a rope about him, played certain mysteries on the rope, as tumbling, and casting one leg from another. Then took he the rope, and tied it to the cable, and tied himself by the right leg a little space beneath the wrist of the foot, and hung by one leg a certain space, and after recovered himself again with the said rope, and unknit the knot, and came down again. Which stayed his Majesty, with all the train, a good space of time." According to Holinshed, a similar performance took place in the reign of Mary, which cost the life of the performer. These tragedies upon the rope will remind the reader of one within the immediate memory of the people of London.

There is something which sounds very much like a reproach to our national character in the fate of Scott, the American diver. We had heard of men who had repeatedly performed the perilous feat of leaping down the fall of some mighty river, rising safely out of the foam of the cataract; and here was a man of the same metal come amongst us, to show what human courage and skill may accomplish. It was a thrilling sight, and one not without its moral lessons, to see this American Scott leap from the top of

"The tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral."

The breathless expectation till he rose again to the surface, and the shout which welcomed him as he threw back his dripping hair, approached the sublime. All his movements in the display of his peculiar talent as a diver were natural and graceful. His hardihood was of no common kind. He maintained, not in the spirit of bravado, but in sober earnestness, that he would leap off the Monument

if there were eight feet of water below him. The season he chose for diving from a height twenty feet above the parapet of the highest London bridge was during an intense frost, when the river was full of ice, and the enormous masses floating with the tide scarcely appeared to leave a space for his plunge or his rise. He watched his moment, and the feat was performed over and over again with perfect safety. But he had been told, we presume, that the London populace wanted novelty. It was not enough that he should do day by day what no man had ever ventured to do before. To leap off the parapets of the Southwark and Waterloo Bridges into the half-frozen river had become a common thing; and so the poor man must have a scaffold put up, and he must suspend himself from its cross-bars by his arm, and his leg, and his neck. Twice was the last experiment repeated; but upon the third attempt the body hung motionless. The applause and the laughter, that death could be so counterfeited, were tumultuous; but a cry of terror went forth that the man *was* dead. He perished by administering to a morbid public appetite. Happily executions are no common spectacles, and so a mock one was to gratify the holiday curiosity. Every man who looked on that sight went away degraded.

[Samuel Scott leaping from an arch of Waterloo Bridge.]

The conjurer's trade with us is losing its simplicity. This assertion may appear paradoxical. But the legitimate conjurer,—the man of cups and balls,—is a true descendant of the personage, whether called joculator, or gleeman, or tregetour, who delighted our Saxon and Norman progenitors. He had no such dangerous tricks in his catalogue as that of being shot at with real powder and with real ball. He did not blind the spectators by their fears. He was a great

artist, though, in his way;—probably greater than the modern wizards. What are the thimble-riggers of our degenerate day compared with Chaucer's sleight of hand man?—

"There saw I eke Coll Tregetour
Upon a table of sycamore,
Playing an uncouth thing to tell;
I saw him carry a windmill
Under a walnut-shell."

With tricks such as this did the Chinese jugglers astonish us some twenty years ago. The juggler is, indeed, of a corporation that has held the same fee-simple in the credulity of mankind during all ages and in all countries. In an interlude of the reign of Elizabeth we have these lines:—

"What juggling was there upon the boards!
What thrusting of knives through many a nose!
What bearing of forms! what holdings of swords!
What putting of bodkins through leg and hose!"

Mr. Lane, in his interesting work, 'The Modern Egyptians,' tells us of the *Kháwee*, or conjurer of Cairo, that "in appearance, he forces an iron spike into the boy's throat; the spike being really pushed up into a wooden handle. He also performs another trick of the same kind as this: placing the boy on the ground, he puts the edge of a knife upon his nose, and knocks the blade until half its width seems to have entered." Amongst the other accomplishments of this gentleman, Mr. Lane inform us, "he puts cotton in his mouth and blows out fire." How universal must be the art when this, the commonest trick of a clown at a country fair, affords delight on the banks of the Nile! Hogarth has such a man in his 'Southwark Fair' riding a great horse. This was probably a real fire-eater, to whom hot coals in his mouth were a daily bread. We have had no such men since the great Mr. Powell, who, it is said, was honoured with a medal by the Royal Society. The foreigner who was amongst us a few years ago, and was ruined because he would not consent to be entirely roasted in his own oven, and he that shrunk from swallowing real corrosive sublimate, were manifest impositions. Our streets are dull, and require a Powell to enliven them. Where is the mountebank gone? He was a genuine Londoner. He set up his bills

"That promis'd cure
Of ague or the tooth-ach,"

amidst jokes and compliments which would go farther to cure some diseases than the gravity of the whole College of Physicians. Dr. Andrew Borde, whose 'Breviary of Health' was printed in 1547, was a great English mountebank. Hearne has thus described him:—"Dr. Borde was an ingenious man, and knew how to humour and please his patients, readers, and auditors. In his travels and visits he often appeared and spoke in public, and would often frequent markets and fairs where a conflux of people used to get together, to whom he prescribed; and to induce them to flock thither the more readily, he would make humorous speeches, couched in such language as caused mirth, and wonderfully propagated his fame: and 'twas for the same end that he made use of such expressions in his books as would otherwise (the circumstances not considered) be very justly pronounced

bombast. * * * * 'Twas from the doctor's method of using such speeches at markets and fairs, that in aftertimes those that imitated the like humorous, jocose language were styled Merry Andrews, a term much in vogue on our stages."

No wonder that so great a scholar and ingenious a man should have left disciples who would emulate his fame, and in two centuries produce so illustrious a person as the mountebank of Hammersmith, immortalized in the 'Spectator:'—"There is scarcely a city in Great Britain but has one of this tribe who takes it into his protection, and on the market-day harangues the good people of the place with aphorisms and receipts. You may depend upon it he comes not there for his own private interest, but out of a particular affection to the town. I remember one of these public-spirited artists at Hammersmith, who told his audience that he had been born and bred there, and that, having a special regard for the place of his nativity, he was determined to make a present of five shillings to as many as would accept of it. The whole crowd stood agape, and ready to take the doctor at his word; when, putting his hand into a long bag, as every one was expecting his crown-piece, he drew out a handful of little packets, each of which he informed the spectators was constantly sold at five shillings and sixpence, but that he would bate the odd five shillings to every inhabitant of that place: the whole assembly immediately closed with this generous offer, and took off all his physic, after the doctor had made them vouch for one another that there were no foreigners among them, but that they were all Hammersmith men." Alas! who could find a mountebank at Hammersmith now? We must take the physic without the jest. Newspapers have annihilated the mountebank. Advertisements usurp the office of the Merry Andrew. And thus we flee to Morison's

[Mountebank: from Tempest's Collection.]

pills. Was there more credulity in those times when, after a trembling of the earth, an itinerant professor was eminently successful in the sale of a medicine "very good against an earthquake?" We have as much; but the form of the thing is changed.

The morris-dancers went out before the mountebanks. London has been no place for them for two centuries. They still linger in the midland villages; but the tabor and bells have not set foot in London for many a year. The greatest morris-dancer upon record was Will Kemp, the Liston of his day, who in 1599 danced the entire way from London to Norwich; and moreover wrote a book about his dancing, which a learned body has lately republished. The opening passage of this curious pamphlet is descriptive of a state of society such as exists not amongst us now. Kemp was a person of high celebrity in his profession, and respectable in his private life. Imagine such an actor making a street exhibition at the present day, and taking sixpences and groats amidst hearty prayers and God-speeds. There is something more frank and cordial in this scene than would be compatible with our refinements.

"The first Monday in Lent, the close morning promising a clear day (attended on by Thomas Sly, my taborer, William Bee, my servant, and George Sprat, appointed for my overseer that I should take no other ease but my prescribed order), myself, that 's I, otherwise called Cavaliero Kemp, head master of morrice-dancers, high, head-borough of heighs, and only tricker of your trill-lilles and best bell-shangles between Sion and Mount Surrey,* began frolickly to foot it from the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor's of London towards the Right Worshipful (and truly bountiful), Master Mayor's of Norwich.

"My setting forward was somewhat before seven in the morning; my taborer struck up merrily; and as fast as kind people's thronging together would give me leave, through London I leapt. By the way many good old people, and divers others of younger years, of mere kindness gave me bowed sixpences and groats, blessing me with their hearty prayers and God-speeds.

"Being past White Chapel, and having left fair London with all that north-east suburb before named, multitudes of Londoners left not me; but, either to keep a custom which many hold, that Mile-end is no walk without a recreation at Stratford Bow with cream and cakes, or else for love they bear toward me, or perhaps to make themselves merry if I should chance (as many thought) to give over my morrice within a mile of Mile-end; however, many a thousand brought me to Bow, where I rested awhile from dancing, but had small rest with those that would have urg'd me to drinking. But, I warrant you, Will Kemp was wise enough: to their full cups kind thanks was my return, with gentleman-like protestations, as 'Truly, sir, I dare not.'"

Kemp was a player of Shakspere's theatre—a privileged man sanctioned by the Lord Chamberlain's licence—welcomed into good society—not hunted about from town to town under the terrors of the laws against vagabonds. During the reign of Elizabeth any baron of the realm might license a company of players; but in the first year of her successor this questionable privilege was removed, and "interlude players, minstrels, jugglers, and bear-wards," were left to the full penalties which awaited "idle persons." While the people, however, were willing to encourage them, it was not very easy for statutes to put them down; and if there were fewer licensed players, the number of unlicensed, who travelled about with *motions* or puppet-shows, were prodigiously increased. The streets of London appear to have swarmed with motions. They were sometimes called

* Sion near Brentford, and Mount Surrey by Norwich.

drolleries. The poor Italian boy who travels to London from his native Apennines, and picks up a few daily pence with his monkey or his mouse, calls his exhibition his *comedy*. But the puppet-showman, in the palmy days of itinerancy, had a very good comedy to exhibit, which modern farce and pantomime have not much improved upon. The puppet actors, according to Ben Jonson, lived in baskets, and they "were a civil company." "They offer not to fleer or jeer, nor break jests, as the great players do." Their master was "the mouth of them all." But in the hands of a clever mouth their satire and burlesque must have been irresistible. Jonson has given us a fair specimen of the burlesque in his own puppet-show of 'Hero and Leander.' Old Pepys did not like the puppet-show; but that is no great matter from the man who calls 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' "the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life." We believe that they were very good puppets; and the classical story very much improved by being made "a little easy and modern for the times." The writer of the motion thus explains the scene and the characters:—"As for the Hellespont, I imagine our Thames here; and then Leander I make a dyer's son about Puddle-wharf; and Hero a wench o' the Bank-side, who going over one morning to Old Fish Street, Leander spies her land at Trig-stairs, and falls in love with her. Now do I introduce Cupid, having metamorphosed himself into a drawer, and he strikes Hero in love with a pint of sherry." This was rivalled two centuries afterwards by the immortal show-woman of the Round Tower at Windsor, who began her explanation of the old tapestry whose worsted told this tragedy of true love, with the startling announcement of "Hero was a nun," and ended with, "Leander's body was picked up by his Majesty's ship the Britannia, and carried into Gibraltar."

The puppet-show continued to be a real street sight, not only for children, but for "people of quality," in the reign of Anne. Mr. Powell placed his show under the Piazzas of Covent Garden; and the sexton of St. Paul's Church complained to the 'Spectator,' that when the bell was ringing for daily morning prayers, it was deemed a summons to the puppet-show, and not to the church. The town, according to the same authority, was divided between the attractions of Rinaldo and Armida at the Italian Opera, and Whittington and his Cat in Mr. Powell's exhibition. Powell was an innovator; for, whilst his contemporary puppet-show managers represented the 'Old Creation of the World,' and 'Noah's Flood,' after the fashion in which the puppet-shows continued the attractions of the ancient mysteries and moralities, Powell introduced a pig to dance a minuet with Punch. All the old fine things have perished. Where can we now go to see "a new motion of the City of Nineveh, with Jonas and the Whale," which were once to be daily found at Fleet Bridge?* Punch and the Fantoccini are the only living representations of the puppets. But Punch is still with us and of us. The police legislators tried to exterminate him, but he was too mighty for them. He is the only genuine representative which remains of the old stage. When we hear his genial cry at the corner of some street, and note the chuckle of unforced merriment which comes up from the delighted crowd, we know that he has passed the mortal struggle with the fiend, and that he has conquered him, as the *Vice* of old conquered. Punch has, however, lost something of his primitive

* Jonson's 'Every Man out of his Humour.'

simplicity. We are not quite sure that the dog is genuine,—but that may be tolerated. There are a great many societies formed amongst us for reviving things which the world had unwisely agreed to forget; and we are not without our hopes that there may be room for an association that would restore us the genuine puppet-show. It is an objection, however, that there is not much left of the black-letter literature of the puppets. Punch in his present shape is probably Italian. From Italy come the puppets that perform the most diverting antics upon a board, to the sound of pipe and drum. But these were once genuine English. We have put together in our engraving the exhibitor of dancing dolls, such as he is represented in Hogarth's 'Southwark Fair,' and the Italian stroller of our own day. Mr. Smith, the late keeper of the prints in the British Museum, complains, in his 'Cries of London,' that the streets are *infested* with these Italian boys; and yet he gives us a most spirited etching of one of them. Mr. Smith thought it necessary to be solemn and sarcastic when he had pen in hand; and in that curious farrago 'Nollekens and his Times,' he is perfectly scandalized that the old sculptor enjoyed Punch. He gravely adds, "In this gratification, however, our sculptor did not stand alone; for I have frequently seen, when I have stood in the crowd, wise men laugh at the mere squeaking of Punch, and have heard them speak of his cunning pranks with the highest ecstasy." We are glad to find, upon such grave testimony, that the race of wise men is not extinct.

[Dancing-dolls.—Italian.]

[Dancing-dolls.—Hogarth's Southwark Fair.]

We have some fears that the immigration of Italian boys is declining. We do not see the monkey and the white mice so often as we could wish to do. The ape-bearer is a personage of high antiquity. We have the ape on shoulder in a manuscript three hundred years earlier than the date of him who is

"Led captive still in chain
Till he renounce the Pope and Spain."

Let us cleave to old customs. What if the monkey of the streets be but a monkey, and his keeper know nothing of the peculiarities which distinguish the many families of his race! What if he be but the commonest of monkeys! Is he not amusing? Does he not come with a new idea into our crowded thoroughfares, of distant lands where all is not labour and traffic—where "a wilderness

of monkeys", sit in the green trees, and throw down the fruit to the happy savages below? And then these Italian boys themselves, with their olive cheeks and white teeth—they are something different from your true London boy of the streets, with his mingled look of cunning and insolence. They will show you their treasures with a thorough conviction that they are giving you pleasure; and if you deny the halfpenny, they have still a smile and a *bon jour*—for they all know that French is a more current coin than their own dialect. We fear the police is hard upon them. We would put in a word for them, in the same spirit of humanity with which our delightful Elia pleaded for the beggars. They, by the way, were amongst the street sights, and we may well be glad to have an opportunity for such quotation:—

"The mendicants of this great city were so many of her sights—her lions; I can no more spare them than I could the cries of London. No corner of a street is complete without them. They are as indispensable as the ballad-singer; and, in their picturesque attire, as ornamental as the signs of old London. They were the standing morals, emblems, mementos, dial mottos, the 'spital sermons, the books for children, the salutary checks and pauses to the high and rushing tide of greasy citizenry—

"Look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there."

Above all, those old blind Tobits that used to line the wall of Lincoln's Inn Garden, before modern fastidiousness had expelled them, casting up their ruined orbs to catch a ray of pity, and (if possible) of light, with their faithful dog-guide at their feet;—whither are they fled? or into what corners, blind as themselves, have they been driven, out of the wholesome air and sun-warmth? * * * * These dim eyes have in vain explored, for some months past, a well-known figure, or part of the figure, of a man who used to glide his comely upper-half over the pavements of London, wheeling along with most ingenious celerity upon a machine of wood—a spectacle to natives, to foreigners, and to children. He was of a robust make, with a florid sailor-like complexion, and his head was bare to the storm and sunshine. He was a natural curiosity—a speculation to the scientific—a prodigy to the simple. The infant would stare at the mighty man brought down to his own level. The common cripple would despise his own pusillanimity, viewing the hale stoutness and mighty heart of this half-limbed giant. Few but must have noticed him: for the accident which brought him low took place during the riots of 1780, and he has been a groundling so long. He seemed earth-born—an Antæus—and to suck in fresh vigour from the soil which he neighboured. He was a grand fragment—as good as an Elgin marble. The nature which should have recruited his reft legs and thighs was not lost, but only retired into his upper parts, and he was half a Hercules. I heard a tremendous voice thundering and growling, as before an earthquake,—and casting down my eyes, it was this mandrake reviling a steed that had started at his portentous appearance. He seemed to want but his just stature to have rent the offending quadruped in shivers. He was as the man-part of a centaur, from which the horse-half had been cloven in dire Lapithan controversy. He moved on as if he could have made shift with the yet half body-portion which was left him. The *os sublime* was not wanting; and he threw out yet a jolly countenance upon the

heavens. Forty-and-two years had he driven this out-of-door trade, and now that his hair is grizzled in the service, but his good spirits no way impaired, because he is not content to exchange his free air and exercise for the restraints of a poor-house, he is expiating his contumacy in one of those houses (ironically christened) of correction. Was a daily spectacle like this to be deemed a nuisance which called for legal interference to remove? or not rather salutary, and a touching object, to the passers-by in a great city? Among her shows, her museums, and supplies for ever-gaping curiosity—(and what else but an accumulation of sights—endless sights—*is* a great city, or for what else is it desirable?)—was there not room for one *Lusus* (not *Naturæ*, indeed, but) *Accidentium?*"

["Oh raree-show!" From Tempest's Collection.]

Here is an engraving of a raree-show man a hundred and fifty years ago. In that box he has stores for the curious, such as the more ancient showman bore about—for that grotesque old fellow was once a modern. In 'The Alchymist,' the master of the servant who has filled the house with searchers for the philosopher's stone speculates thus:—

> "What should my knave advance
> To draw this company? he hung out no banners
> Of a strange calf with five legs to be seen,
> Or a huge lobster with six claws?"

And he adds—

> "May be, he has the fleas that run at tilt
> Upon a table."

Tempest's raree-show man (Caulfield tells us he was known by the name of Old Harry) had "the fleas that run at tilt;" and he had also a tame hedgehog and a wonderful snake. Not many years ago "the *industrious* fleas" were exhibited as proper examples to the rising generation. Nor ought the wise and the learned to laugh at these things. If the industry of the fleas be somewhat questionable, there can be no doubt that their instructor had been sufficiently laborious. They say that dancing-bears are made by setting the poor animals upon a heated iron floor; but the habit is retained through that wonderful power

of discipline, by which the eye and the voice of man become supreme over the inferior animals. There must have been a thorough inter-communication of ideas between the lords of the creation and the baboon that played on the guitar —the ape that beat his master at chess in the presence of the King of Portugal— the elephant which Bishop Burnet saw play at ball—and the hare which beat the tabor at Bartholomew Fair. Our ancestors delighted in such street sights, and not unwisely so. In the age of Elizabeth and James new countries had been explored; travelling to far distant lands had become common; and thus, he that brought home "a dead Indian" or "a strange fish" was sure to be rewarded. "Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver; there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian." So learned Trinculo, in the 'Tempest,' reprehends our countrymen. But they were not far wrong, if wrong at all. To see these wonders disabused them of many erroneous notions; and if their credulity was sometimes stimulated, their general stock of knowledge was increased. It was believed up to the middle of the seventeenth century that the elephant had no joints in its legs, and that it never lay down. An elephant was shown about kneeling and lying down, and the belief vanished. Sir Thomas Brown wishes for more such street sights, lest the error should revive in the next generation. Exhibitions of docility, such as elephants offer to us, are good for the multitude. A due appreciation of what may be effected by the combination of perseverance in man and of sagacity in a brute indicates a philosophical spirit in a people. Banks's horse was the great wonder of Elizabeth's time. He and his master have even found a niche in 'Raleigh's History of the World:'—"If Banks had lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world; for whosoever was most famous among them could never master or instruct any beast as he did." This famous animal was a bay gelding, and he was named Morocco. Here is his picture,

[Banks's Horse.]

preserved also for the admiration of all ages. In 'Love's Labour's Lost,' Moth, puzzling Armado with his arithmetic, says, "The Dancing Horse will tell you." Hall, in his 'Satires,' notices

"Strange Morocco's dumb arithmetic."

Sir Kenelm Digby informs us that Banks's horse "would restore a glove to the due owner after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; and would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin, newly showed him by his master." The Sieur de Melleray, in the notes to his translation of the 'Golden Ass' of Apuleius, tells us that he saw this wonderful horse in the Rue St. Jacques at Paris; and he is astonished that the animal could tell how many francs there were in a crown, but his astonishment was measureless that the crown being then of a depreciated currency, the horse should be able to tell the exact amount of the depreciation, in that same month of March, 1608. Banks had fallen among a people who did not quite understand how far the animal and his keeper might employ the language of signs; and he got into trouble accordingly. The better instructed English multitude had been familiar with "Holden's camel," famed for "ingenuous studies;" and they had seen Morocco himself go up to the top of St. Paul's. Though they lived in an age of belief in wizards, they had no desire to burn Banks as a professor of the black art. But he had a narrow escape in France; and his contrivance for the justification of his horse's character and his own shows him to have been as familiar with the human as with the brute nature. The story is told by Bishop Morton:—"Which bringeth into my remembrance a story which Banks told me at Frankfort, from his own experience in France among the Capuchins, by whom he was brought into suspicion of magic, because of the strange feats which his horse Morocco played (as I take it) at Orleans, where he, to redeem his credit, promised to manifest to the world that his horse was nothing less than a devil. To this end he commanded his horse to seek out one in the press of the people who had a crucifix on his hat; which done, he bade him kneel down unto it; and not this only, but also to rise up again and to kiss it. 'And now, gentlemen (quoth he), I think my horse hath acquitted both me and himself;' and so his adversaries rested satisfied; conceiving (as it might seem) that the devil had no power to come near the cross." The people of Orleans were imperfectly civilized; but Banks and Morocco were destined to fall into barbarous hands. We have no precise record of his fate; but some humorous lines of Jonson have been accepted as containing a tragical truth:—

"But 'monget these Tiberts*, who do you think there was?
Old Banks the juggler, our Pythagoras,
Grave tutor to the learned horse; both which,
Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,
Their spirits transmigrated to a cat."

It appears to us that Banks's horse, and Holden's camel, and the elephant that expressed his anger when the King of Spain was named, must have had a considerable influence in repressing the bear-baiting cruelties of that age. These were among the street sights sanctioned by royal authority. The patent to Henslowe and Alleyn, the players, constituting them "Masters of the King's

* Cats.

Games," in 1604, authorises them "to bait, or cause to be baited, our said bears, and others being of our said games, in all and every convenient place or places, at all times meet;" and accordingly the Masters of the Royal Games put down all unlicensed bearwards, and filled the town and country with their performances. This is an illustration of Master Slender's pertinent question to Mistress Ann Page, "Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?"

It is a blessing that we have now no such street sights as bear-baiting. Bull-baiting, too, is gone: cock-fighting is no more seen. Pugilism has made a faint attempt at revival; but we can part with that too. Are the people, then, to have no amusements accessible to all? Are the street sights to be shouldered out by commerce and luxury, and not a recreation to be left? We answer, let a wise government double and treble the class of healthful exercises, and of intellectual gratifications. Give us new parks if possible. Let us have gardens in which all may freely walk. Open our cathedrals, as the National Gallery and Hampton Court are opened. Instead of sending all the rare animals which are presented to the Crown to be shown for a shilling by one society, have menageries in Hyde Park and the Regent's Park. Take an example from the man who, when the planets are shining brightly out of a serene heaven, plants a telescope in Leicester Square or St. Paul's Church Yard, and finds enough passengers who are glad to catch glimpses of worlds unseen to the naked eye, and forget for a moment, in the contemplation of the mighty works of Omnipotence, the small things which surround us here. Open the great books of Nature, of Science, and of Art to the people; and they will not repine that the days of conjurers, and puppet-shows, and dancing bears have passed away.

[Telescopic Exhibition in the Streets, 1841.]

[The Monument, 1841.]

XXV.—THE MONUMENT.

In the 'Description of the Monument,' sold by its keeper, we are told the view from the top "is extremely fine and *extensive*, and in fact not to be equalled;" and no doubt the prospect is correctly described *when we can see it*: a matter of not very common occurrence. In provokingly close neighbourhood to the foregoing passage we find a statement of the hours of admission, from which it appears the Monument is open from eight in the morning from Lady-day to Michaelmas-day, and the remainder of the year from nine, till sunset. Thus, the only period when London can be properly seen, that of sunrise, when, in the noble lines of Wordsworth,—

> "Earth has not anything to show more fair.
> Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
> A sight so touching in its majesty.
> This city now doth like a garment wear
> The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
> Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
> Open unto the fields and to the sky,
> All bright and glittering in the smokeless air!"—

This period is carefully shut out; and we can only look at the great metropolis through the dense and discoloured medium of the smoke arising from the habitations of two millions of people. Well, until the Corporation in its goodness shall direct some alteration, we must make the best of the matter as it is; and so we are now ascending with many a pause the spiral staircase, with its three hundred and forty-five black marble steps, which leads to the summit. This is well lighted in the base by one or two large openings, and above by narrow slits in the wall. The breadth of the interior, nine feet from wall to wall, appears somewhat surprising to one who sees it for the first time, and has formed his notions of it from the exterior view. We are still ascending, and now the steps are growing sensibly shorter, the walls approach nearer to each other, we are not far from the top. With renewed vigour we are about to run up the little remaining distance, when the attendant lays his stick across in front to debar all advances without him. This conduct he explains by stating that, in consequence of the recent cases of suicide (which every one will remember), he has imposed on him the duty of being always present when there are any visitors on the balcony. We have gained the top at last, and what a scene is before, around, beneath us! The wind is blowing freshly and vigorously, and, to add to the self-possession of the visitor, the attendant encouragingly observes he would not stand there for a trifle if the railings were absent. With a shiver we assent to the pertinency of the remark; and placing our back for greater safety against the continuation of the pillar in the centre, and reminding ourselves that it is *not* true that the very edifice itself is, as has sometimes been considered, dangerous, and that the idea arose from the fact of the Monument having been at first used for astronomical observations, for which it was soon found unfit from the vibrations natural to such an erection, however secure in its build, we commence our brief survey. Though the view is not, and cannot be under such an atmosphere, very extensive, it is one that (out of London) the world cannot parallel. It is not beautiful—that sea of house-tops, with St. Paul's and countless other churches and public buildings rising up from its surface as from so many islands;—it is not sublime, in the physical idea of the words;—yet "dull" indeed "would he be of soul" in whose mind no sense of beauty and sublimity was raised as he gazed on that wonderful congregation of human homes.

The door from the staircase to the balcony faces the east; in that direction therefore we are now sending our inquiring glance. The Tower, with its great keep, is the first object of attention, of which we remember Fitz-Stephen says, "the mortar of its foundation was tempered with the blood of beasts." To the left of the Tower the long façade of the Mint arrests the eye, whilst to the right we see the roof of the Custom House, and the tiers of shipping moored in the Pool far away into the distance. Near, and directly in front of us, is the fairy-looking spire of St. Dunstan's in the East, one of the many churches we see around whose history is connected with that of the Monument by a close tie, as having arisen like the latter from the ashes of the Great Fire. Beyond, interminable lines of docks are dimly descried, and on a clear day the hills of Kent, nine or ten miles off. On the other side of the river a bright column of smoke and the sharp whistle of the engine direct us to the train of the Greenwich Railway just starting. Turning the corner of the pillar, we behold on the south

the countless chimneys of the breweries and other manufactories of Southwark rising up against the background of the Surrey hills, and the lofty piles of warehouses which edge the river bank, over one of which the church of St. Mary Overies rears its lofty and proud-looking tower, as though indignant at the unfitness of its humbler neighbours for such antique and romance-honoured walls. The bridges, those glorious architectural triumphs, and the curving Thames which they bestride, form a highly picturesque feature from the Monument. There is London Bridge, the youngest, and perhaps the noblest of the whole, with the Fishmongers' Hall at its foot; Southwark and Blackfriars in a tolerably straight line; then comes Waterloo crossing the curve; and beyond, the Thames, with the black sluggish barges so characteristic of this part of the river, is lost to our smoke-bedimmed vision. But though the bridge of Westminster is invisible, not so its famous Abbey: there it stands, with its dark body and lofty towers advanced city-wards, as if to defend its sacred precincts from the inroads of irreligion and wickedness, ever rife in populous places. But the great feature of the scene is the view westwards of St. Paul's. Its vast size and noble proportions are perhaps from no other spot so strikingly developed. Instead of looking down upon it, as we do, or appear to do, upon every other object, we have rather the sense of looking up to it even from this elevation of two hundred and two feet. Neither does the mass of houses around it appear at all to lessen its height or form. It might stand upon them; so grandly does it appear to rise—base, cupola, and cross—above all obstructions. On the north there is little to attract attention: churches and house-roofs, house-roofs and churches, extend from the farthest point of sight down to the base of the column on which we stand, and require no more particular notice; unless we may just mention that, among the other buildings particularly conspicuous, stand the lofty Guildhall to the left, and the tall tower of the Blackwall Railway to the right. We may conclude this hasty sketch of our view from the Monument on a gusty August afternoon by two or three general remarks. What has been called the natural basin of London may thence be seen very clearly, although its edges are not distinctly definable in some parts. Looking round from Islington, we have Highgate, Hampstead, the elevated land to the left of Westminster Abbey, the Surrey and Kent hills. And nearly the whole of this vast area is occupied by London! for few indeed are the spaces vacant of houses which the eye can detect even from the balcony of the Monument. How different would have been the view presented from the same spot prior to the erection of the Monument, and the event which it commemorates, one hundred and seventy-five years ago, had there then been any means of obtaining such an elevation; when Stratford, Hackney, Islington, and Charing Cross were suburban villages, with many a pleasant field between them and London; when Lambeth and Southwark showed more trees than habitations; and when St. Paul's was a long building with transepts projecting from the centre, north and south, and with a square tower rising upwards at the point of their intersection! A third and still more extraordinary view has yet to be mentioned—the view which met the eye of the well-known diarist Pepys, when he went up to the top of Barking Church, and there saw the "saddest sight of desolation" perhaps ever beheld. But let us not anticipate.

It was on the "Lord's Day," says Pepys, the 3rd of September, 1666, that

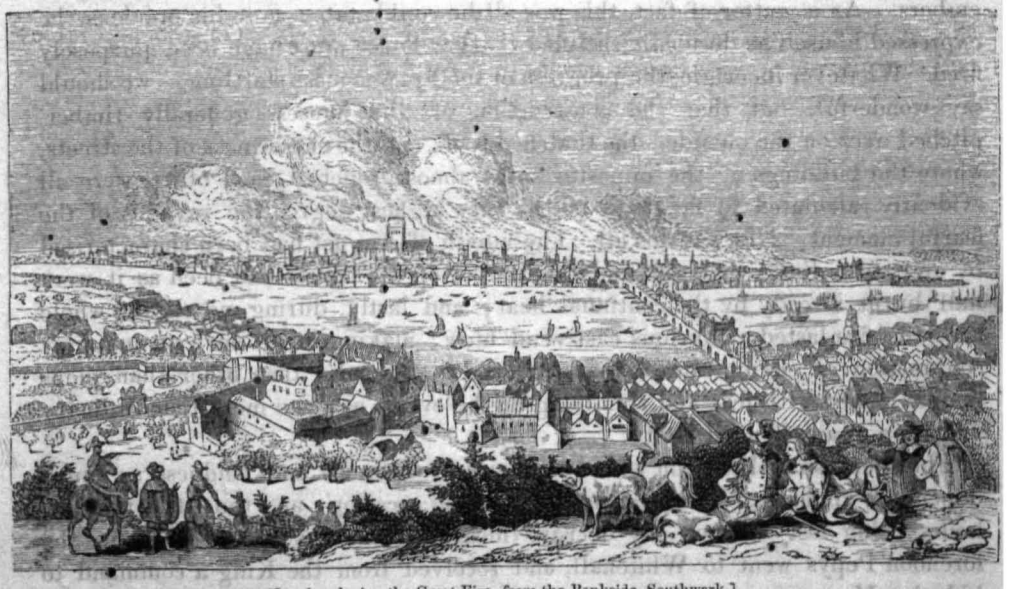
"some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city. So I rose and slipped on my night-gown, and went to the window; and thought it to be on the back-side of Mark Lane at the farthest, but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again, and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and then looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off. . . . . By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above three hundred houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge."

The conflagration, which in so short a space had exhibited its destructive character, broke out some time after midnight, in the house of one Farryner, the King's baker, in Pudding Lane. This person stated, in his evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, that he had, after twelve o'clock on Saturday night, gone through every room, and found no fire but in one chimney, where the room was paved with bricks, which fire he diligently raked up in embers. As a matter of fact, this was all he could state: as to his opinions, he expressed himself as decidedly satisfied that his house must have been purposely fired. Whatever its origin, the progress of the fire was most startling,—we should say wonderful, but that the construction of the houses—generally timber, pitched over on the outside—the thatched roofs, and the narrowness of the streets, where the buildings of the opposite sides almost touched each other, were all evidently calculated to facilitate in the very highest degree the ravages of the fearful element. Nor was this all. The month of August had been characterised by an extraordinary drought, and the timber of the houses had been as it were half burnt already by the continual heat; and lastly, during nearly the whole time the fire lasted, a furious east wind blew; making in all such an unhappy conjunction of circumstances, that we need not wonder that other than pious people looked with fear and trembling on the event, as some more than ordinary visitation of an offended Deity.

The then Lord Mayor, on whose steadiness, judgment, and boldness so much depended, appears to have been unequal to the occasion; and thus, the first few hours being lost without any decisive measures, all was lost. Early in the forenoon Pepys went to Whitehall, and received from the King a command to bid the Mayor "spare no houses, but pull down before the fire every way." After long search, Pepys "met my Lord Mayor in Cannon Street like a man spent, with a handkerchief about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, 'Lord, what can I do? I am spent; people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it;' that he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home; seeing people almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses too so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for

burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street; and warehouses of oil, and wines, and brandy, and other things." Soon after he "met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe. . . . . "River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and goods swimming in the water; and I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of virginals in it." Pepys's observing eye noticed also that the "poor pigeons were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies till they burned their wings and fell down."

In the afternoon Pepys is on the "water again, and to the fire, up and down, it still increasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside (Southwark), over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was almost dark, and saw the fire grow, and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners, and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. . . . .



[London during the Great Fire, from the Bankside, Southwark.]

We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it." The peculiar form of the great body of flame is also referred to by the Rev. T. Vincent, in his tract called 'God's terrible Advice to the City by Plague and Fire,' who says finely, "The burning was then in fashion of a bow; a dreadful bow it was, such as mine eyes never before had seen; *a bow which had God's arrow in it with a flaming point.*" Evelyn, who, like Pepys, was an eye-witness, and described only what he saw,

was also at the Bankside, Southwark, but later in the evening, when he beheld an awful picture. "I saw," he says, "the whole south part of the City burning, from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracious (Gracechurch) Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was taking hold of St. Paul's church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned, both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distances from one to the other; for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save; as on the other, the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor to be outdone till the universal conflagration of it. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen for above forty miles round about for many nights: God grant mine eyes may never see the like! who now saw above ten thousand houses all in one flame: the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at last one was not able to approach it; so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length." Mr. Vincent also says,—"The cloud of smoke was so great that travellers did ride at noonday some six miles together in the shadow thereof, though there were no other cloud besides to be seen in the sky." From the same authority we obtain one or two other interesting glimpses of the splendid horrors of this the first night:—"Amongst other things, the sight of Guildhall was a fearful spectacle, which stood the whole body of it together in view for several hours together after the fire had taken it, without flames, (I suppose because the timber was such solid oak), in a bright shining coal, as if it had been a palace of gold, or a great building of burnished brass."

During Monday, the 4th, the fire extended as far as the Middle Temple westwards, and Tower Street eastwards, including, besides the streets already mentioned, all Fleet Street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Street, Thames Street, and Billingsgate; the stones of Paul's flying, says Evelyn, "like grenadoes," its melting lead flowing through the streets in a stream, the pavements everywhere "glowing with fiery redness, so as

[Burning of Newgate: Old St. Paul's in the background.]

no horse or man was able to tread on them," and the east wind all the time still driving the flames impetuously forward. "But," writes the reverend gentleman before mentioned, "the great fury of the fire was in the broader streets; in the midst of the night it was come down to Cornhill, and laid it in the dust, and runs along by the Stocks, and there meets with another fire, which came down Threadneedle Street; a little further with another, which came up from Walbrook; a little further with another, which came up from Bucklersbury: and all these four, joining together, break into one great flame at the corner of Cheapside, with such a dazzling light and burning heat, and roaring noise by the fall of so many houses together, that was very amazing."

By Tuesday, the 5th, the fire had reached the end of Fetter Lane in Holborn, and the entrance of Smithfield. But now the wind somewhat abated, and the spirits of the people rose in a still greater proportion. Instead of pulling down houses by "engines," as they had before done, gunpowder was used, which soon produced gaps too wide to be overleaped by the fire; a measure that, according to Evelyn, "some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved near the whole city; but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, &c., would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first." About noon the fury of the flames began sensibly to abate in most parts, although they burned as fiercely as ever towards Cripplegate and the Tower. But the fire was gradually checked here also by the same means.

On the 6th Pepys was once more waked by "new cries of fire," a species of alarm that continued for some days to distract the attention of the miserable population when the great conflagration was dying away among the ruins it had made. He was, however, able to walk through some of the principal streets; and on the 7th his fellow diarist took a still longer and more careful survey. The description of the scene which met his eye appears to us one of the most painfully interesting pictures of desolation we ever read. "I went this morning on foot

Hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, &c., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet so hot that it even burnt the soles of my shoes.

At my return I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly church, St. Paul's, now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late King) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projectures of massy Portland stone flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than six acres by measure) was totally melted; the ruins of the vaulted roof falling broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. . . . . There lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near 100 more; the lead, iron-work, bells, plate, &c., melted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies' Halls, splendid buildings, arches, entries, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very water remained boiling; . . . . subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow. The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather in some great city wasted by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire when all those of the Kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces; also the Standard in Cornhill and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast iron chains of the city streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrower streets, but kept the widest: the ground and air, smoke, and fiery vapour continued so intense that my hair was almost singed, and my feet unsufferably surbated.* The by lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish, nor could any one have possibly known where he was but by the ruins of some church or hall that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen two hundred thousand people of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and, though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and council, indeed, took all imaginable care for their relief by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In the midst of all this calamity and confusion there was, I know not how,

an alarm begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were in hostility, were not only landed, but even entering the city. There was in truth some days before great suspicion of those two nations joining, and now that they had been the occasion of firing the town. This report did so terrify, that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult that they ran from their goods; and, taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive that it made the whole court amazed, and they did with infinite pains and great difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into the fields again, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken." From the inscription on the north side of the Monument it appears that the total amount of destruction was "eighty-nine churches, the City gates, Guildhall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, a vast number of stately edifices, thirteen thousand two hundred dwelling-houses, four hundred streets; of twenty-six wards it utterly destroyed fifteen, and left eight others shattered and half burnt. The ruins of the City were four hundred and thirty-six acres from the Tower by the Thames side to the Temple Church, and from the north-east gate along the City Wall to Holborn Bridge. To the estates and fortunes of the citizens it was merciless, but to their lives very favourable (only eight being lost), that it might in all things resemble the last conflagration of the world."* The limits of the fire may be thus traced:—Temple Church, Holborn Bridge, Pye Corner, Smithfield, Aldersgate, Cripplegate, near the end of Coleman Street, at the end of Basinghall Street by the Postern, at the upper end of Bishopsgate Street, in Leadenhall Street, by the Standard in Cornhill, at the Church in Fenchurch Street, by the Clothworkers' Hall, at the middle of Mark Lane, and at the Tower Dock. The part of the City left standing within the walls contained eleven parishes, occupying an area of seventy-five acres. And this was all that the Great Fire had left of London! A table of estimates of the loss is given in Maitland's 'History,' which amounts to nearly *eleven millions*.

We have seen from the preceding extracts that the King and his brother exerted themselves greatly in endeavouring to check the progress of the fire, to preserve as far as possible something like order in the midst of so much inevitable confusion, and to ameliorate the unhappy condition of the inhabitants thus suddenly deprived of their homes, and dispersed through the open country, "several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels; many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed or board; who, from delicateness, riches, and every accommodation in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest poverty and misery." † In a manuscript from the secretary's office, quoted by Dr. Echard in his 'History of England,' we have a picture of the "merry monarch" which places him in a very favourable light. "All own the immediate hand of God, and bless the goodness of the King, who made the round of the fire usually twice every day, and for many hours together, on horseback and on foot, gave orders for pursuing the work by threatenings, desires, example, and good store of money, which he himself distributed to the workers out of a hundred-pound bag, which he carried with him

* From the translation of the Latin inscription given in Maitland. † Evelyn.

for that purpose." Conduct like this was calculated to attract the popular favour, as it deserved; and the poets were not slow in commemorating it in verse sufficiently panegyrical, whatever other defects it might exhibit. Here is one specimen from 'The Conflagration of London Poetically Delineated, by Sir J. L., Knight and Baronet, 1667,' which must make the most serious smile, in spite of the awful nature of the subject:—

> "Here Cæsar comes, *with buckets in his eyes,*
> *And father in his heart.* Come, come, he cries,
> Let 's make one onset more. The scatter'd troops
> At his word rally and retrieve their hopes:
> The rebel flames, they say, felt Charles was there,
> And, sneaking back, grew tamer than they were:
> So that, no doubt, were Fates to be defeated
> By man, the city's fate had then retreated.
> But loyalty befriends the flames. Their own
> Dangers neglected, *thine* affrights. Alone!
> Alone! dear Sir, let 's fall, they cried aloud,
> And hazard not three kingdoms in a crowd."

We return to more serious matters. The origin of so awful a calamity was of course the very first object that engaged the attention of the King and the Parliament after the lapse of the first few anxious days. A Committee was appointed on the 25th of the same month. The report was made on the 22d of January following, by Sir Richard Brook, chairman, who stated that they had received "many considerable informations from divers credible persons about the matter," which they now laid before the House. The first evidence was "a letter from Alanson," of the 23rd of August, 1666, New Style, written from one Dural to a gentleman lodging in the house of one of the ministers of the French Crown in London, called Monsieur Herault: these were the expressions:—"They acquaint me with the truth of certain news which is common in this country, that a fire from Heaven is fallen upon a city called Belke, situated on the side of the river of Thames, where a world of people have been killed and burnt, and houses also consumed: which seemed a word of cabal, cast out by some that were knowing, and others that might be ignorant of the signification of it." Mrs. Elizabeth Styles informed the Committee that a French servant of Sir Vere Fan had said to her in April last, "You English maids will like the Frenchmen better when there is not a house left between Temple Bar and London Bridge;" and, on her answering, "I hope your eyes will never see that," he replied, "This will come to pass between June and October." William Tinsdale heard one Fitz-Harris, an Irish Papist, say, about the beginning of July, "there would be a sad desolation in September, in November a worse; in December all would be united into one." Two other witnesses reported conversations of a very similar nature, "Papists" in each case being the prophets. This was one line of evidence. The next, could it be depended on, was very much more to the purpose. This was the confession of "Robert Hubert, of Rouen in Normandy, who acknowledged that he was one of those that fired the house of Mr. Farryner, a baker, in Pudding Lane," at the instigation of one Stephen Piedloe, who came out of France with him, by putting a fire-ball at the end of a long pole, and lighting it with a piece of match which he put in at a window. He had also, he said, "Three-and-twenty complices, whereof

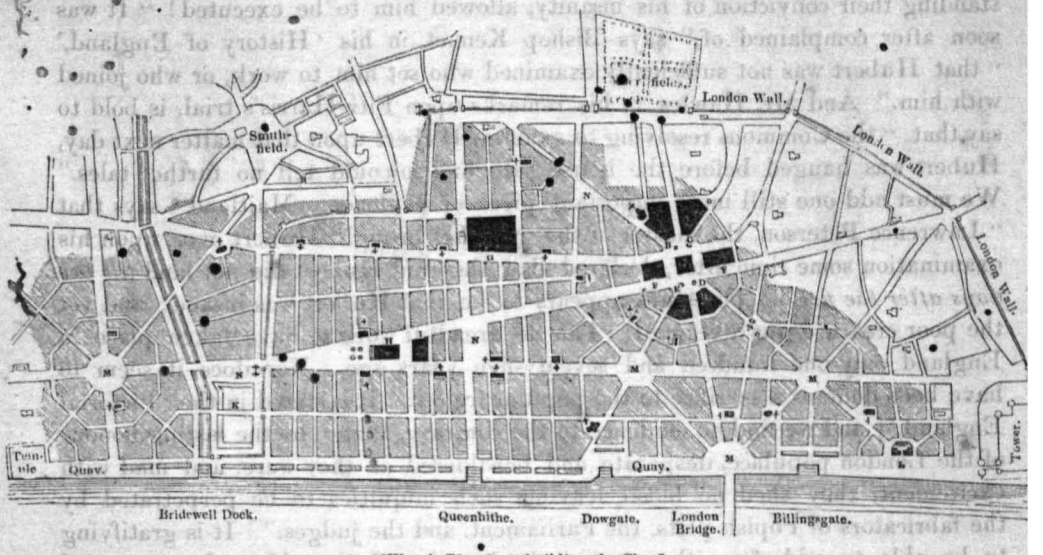
Piedloe was the chief." Mr. Graves, a French merchant, living in St. Mary Axe, declared he knew Hubert to be "fit for any villanous enterprise," and that, having visited him in gaol, the latter had confessed himself guilty, remarking he had not done it "out of any malice to the English nation," but from a desire of reward," which Piedloe had promised him on his return to France. "It is observable," remarks the report, "that this miserable creature, who confessed himself before the Committee to be a Protestant, was a Papist and died so." The well-informed Mr. Graves was also acquainted with Piedloe, who was "a very deboist (debauched) person, and apt to any wicked design." The baker, Farryner, being examined, said it was impossible any fire could happen in his house by accident; for he had, as before mentioned, after twelve of the clock that night, gone through every room thereof, and found no fire but in one chimney, where the room was paved with bricks, which fire he diligently raked up in embers. Lastly, Hubert was sent under guard to "see if he could find out the place where he threw the fireball," which he did with perfect accuracy. The third species of evidence related to the fireballs and other combustible matter said to be thrown into various houses during the days: Daniel Weymanset, Esq., "saw a man apprehended near the Temple, with his pockets stuffed with combustible matter." Dr. John Parker saw some "combustible matter" thrown into a shop in the Old Bailey; "thereupon he saw a great smoke and smelt a smell of brimstone." Three witnesses all agreed that they saw a person flinging something into a house near St. Antholine's church, and that thereupon the house was on fire .... and when this was done there was no fire near the place. Testimony of a somewhat similar nature was offered by other persons. Lastly, Mr. Freeman, of Southwark, brewer, found in his house, which had been lately burnt, about a quarter of an hour before that happened, a paper with a ball of wild-fire in the nave of a wheel; and Mr. Richard Harwood, being near the Feathers tavern, by St. Paul's, on the 4th of September, "saw something through a grate in a cellar, like wild-fire; by the sparkling and spitting of it he could judge it to be no other; whereupon he gave notice of it to some soldiers that were near the place, who caused it to be quenched." Thus far the first report. Additions were subsequently made of a similar, but certainly not more trustworthy, character. Then follows the report of the "Committee appointed to certify information touching the insolency of Popish priests and Jesuits, and the increase of Popery." The very heading of this last report shows the *animus* of the then Parliament; yet the Committee of that House, in making the report before mentioned, *offer no decided opinion of their own.* This is surely a significant fact. Hubert *may* have fired the house; there *may* have been wicked, mischievous, and discontented individuals who endeavoured to increase the horrors of the time in the modes described in the evidence; yet how much of this evidence might not be explained by the general excitement of mind in which all the witnesses must have participated, and by the important remark of Pepys already transcribed concerning the "shower of fire-drops," which he expressly says set fire to houses which the conflagration had not reached! But, at all events, that no large body of people, whether foreigners or Papists, were concerned in the affair, seems to us to be partly proved by the very absence of such a charge in the Committee's report; but still more by the facts that, first, it is impossible to discover how "Papists," the body chiefly suspected, could have been benefited by

the destruction of the metropolis of their country; and secondly, that *no attempt of any kind appears to have been made by any party*, when—on the hypothesis of their guilt—success had rewarded their atrocious efforts, and they had only to reap the harvest they desired. As to Hubert, although, according to Clarendon, neither the judge nor any person present at his trial believed his story, but all saw that he was a poor distracted wretch, weary of his life, and anxious to part with it, yet the jury found him guilty, and the King and the judges, notwithstanding their conviction of his insanity, allowed him to be executed! "It was soon after complained of," says Bishop Kennet, in his 'History of England,' "that Hubert was not sufficiently examined who set him to work, or who joined with him." And Mr. Hawles, in his remarks upon Fitz-Harris's trial, is bold to say, that, "the Commons resolving to examine Hubert upon that matter next day, Hubert was hanged before the house sate, and so could tell no further tales." We must add one still more important piece of evidence. Maitland * says that "Lawrence Peterson, the master of the ship that brought Hubert over, upon his examination some time after, declared that the said Hubert did not land *till two days after the fire*." The truth appears to be that Hubert was insane; and yet the poor creature was executed! This is dreadful work to have taken place in England only one hundred and seventy-five years ago. Nor does it seem to have been done as a sacrifice to the popular frenzy. It is stated in the 'Pictorial England,'† and we find no evidence to the contrary, that "to the lasting honour of the London populace, desperate and bewildered as they were, and mad with excitement, they shed no blood, leaving such iniquities to be perpetrated by the fabricators of Popish plots, the Parliament, and the judges." It is gratifying to be able to add, from the same authority, that during this unhappy period "acts of Christian charity were performed on all sides, old animosities were mutually forgotten, nothing was remembered but the present desolation, all kinds of people expressing a marvellous charity towards those who appeared to be undone."

In addition to the distress and alarm felt by all during the fire, and the loss and physical privations it entailed for some time on the greater part of the population, it left an immense amount of difficulty and trouble behind in connexion with the arrangements necessary for the rebuilding. The King and the Government had now a painful duty to perform. On the one hand, they saw the necessity of preventing a new London from arising on the ruins of the old, liable to all the same dangers and inconveniences; and, in an affair of such magnitude, some little time for consideration was indispensable:—on the other, they beheld two hundred thousand persons bivouacking without the ruins of their late homes, all clamorous for the re-erection of their dwellings, shops, and warehouses, and who, in their extremity, were unwilling to listen to any schemes of amelioration which should cause a single day's delay. There was also the very delicate task to perform of carefully restoring to each person his own land or situation, for the general destruction had erased so many of the ordinary marks that official supervision and control were indispensable. This part of the business was intrusted to a court of judicature, consisting of the principal judges, who fortunately gave such general satisfaction that the City caused all their portraits to be painted. As to the rebuilding, the man was at hand who could have enabled the King without delay to devise

* Page 437. † Book viii. p. 899.

whatever measures were required for the safety and splendour of the new metropolis. When Evelyn, who formed a plan for the rebuilding, took it to Charles a few days after the fire, he found Sir Christopher Wren had been before him; and we cannot but observe that there was something more than ordinarily remarkable in the fact that an architect of Wren's genius should have appeared at the precise moment that he was so much wanted, and when such a



[Wren's Plan for rebuilding the City.]

[The shaded part shows the extent of the Fire.]

A. The Royal Exchange.	E. Insurance Office.	I. Doctors' Commons.	N. Market.
B. Post Office.	F. Goldsmiths'.	K. Wood Market.	† Churches.
C. Excise Office.	G. Guildhall.	L. Custom House.	‡ Continuation of London Wall.
D. Mint.	H. St. Paul's.	M. Piazzas.	

stupendous work offered for the development of his powers. Prior to the time of the Fire he was employed upon the restoration of St. Paul's, (which he had of course afterwards entirely to rebuild,) and in the erection of some other public edifices; but as yet he had completed nothing; and this is pretty well all we know, except by inference, of his architectural reputation in 1666. From the account published by his son in the 'Parentalia,' it appears that he was now "appointed surveyor-general and principal architect for rebuilding the whole City; the cathedral church of St. Paul, all the parochial churches (in number fifty-one, enacted by Parliament, in lieu of those that were burnt and demolished), with other public structures; and for the disposition of the streets. . . . He took to assist him Mr. Robert Hook, professor of geometry in Gresham College, to whom he assigned the business of measuring, adjusting, and setting out the ground of the private street houses to the several proprietors, reserving all the public works to his own peculiar care and direction. . . . . In order therefore to a proper reformation, Wren (pursuant to the royal command), immediately after the fire, took an exact survey of the whole area and confines of the burning, having traced over with great trouble and hazard the great plain of ashes and ruins; and designed a plan or model of a new city, in which the deformity and inconveniences of the old town were remedied, by the

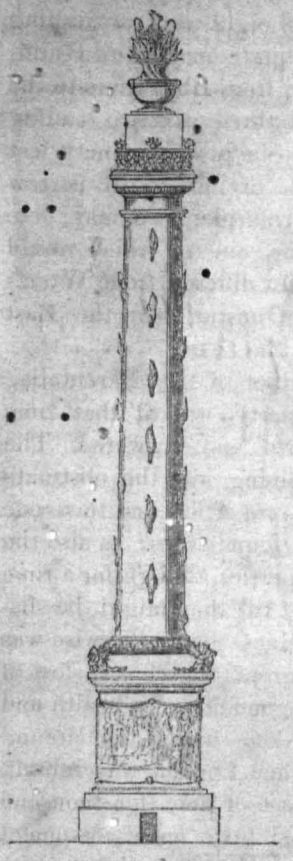
enlarging the streets and lanes, and carrying them as near parallel to one another as might be (avoiding, if compatible with greater conveniences, all acute angles); by seating all the parochial churches conspicuous and insular; by forming the most public places into large piazzas, the centre of (six or) eight ways; by uniting the halls of the twelve chief companies into one regular square annexed to Guild-hall; by making a quay on the whole bank of the river, from Blackfriars to the Tower. . . . The streets to be of three magnitudes; the three principal leading straight through the City, and one or two cross streets, to be at least ninety feet wide; others sixty feet; and lanes about thirty feet, excluding all narrow dark alleys without thoroughfares and courts." Evelyn's plan, we may here observe, also included several piazzas of various forms, one of which would have formed an oval, with St. Paul's in the centre. It differed from Wren's chiefly in proposing a street from the church of St. Dunstan's in the East to the cathedral, and in having no quay or terrace along the river.

"The practicability of this scheme," continues the author of the 'Parentalia,' "without loss to any man or infringement of any property, was at that time demonstrated, and all material objections fully weighed and answered. The only, and as it happened insurmountable, difficulty remaining, was the obstinate averseness of great part of the citizens to alter their old properties, and to recede from building their houses again on the old ground and foundations; as also the distrust in many, and unwillingness to give up their properties, though for a time only, into the hands of public trustees or commissioners, till they might be dispensed to them again, with more advantage to themselves than otherwise was possible to be effected." Thus "the opportunity in a great degree was lost of making the new city the most magnificent, as well as commodious for health and trade, of any upon earth."* The best, however, was done under the circumstances that could be done; and the result was that, when London was rebuilt, which was accomplished in an almost incredibly short space of time (ten thousand houses being erected in the first four years), it was found little more convenient than before, but a good deal more magnificent as far as the public buildings were concerned, and, being built of brick and stone, altogether infinitely more safe. It appears also to have become in the transformation more healthy; the plague, which the year before had carried off one hundred thousand persons, disappeared from that time.

Instead of the present Monument, which was commenced in 1671 and completed in 1677, one after the design here shown was proposed by Sir Christopher, and it is unfortunate that the authorities could not be convinced of its superior fitness for the object desired. It was of somewhat less proportion than the existing Monument, namely, "fourteen feet in diameter, and after a peculiar device; for, as the Romans expressed in relievo on the pedestals and round the shafts of their columns the history of such actions and incidents as were intended to be thereby commemorated, so this monument of the conflagration and restoration of the City of London was represented by a pillar in flames; the flames blazing from the loop-holes of the shaft (which were to give light to the stairs within) were figured in brass-work gilt; and on the top was a phœnix rising from her ashes, in brass gilt likewise." Not only was this most happy, because most appropriate, design rejected, but in that which followed an alteration was made,

* Wren's Parentalia, p. 269.

decidedly injurious to its effect, and in opposition to the architect's wishes. He had proposed to place a colossal statue in brass gilt of the King, as founder of the new city, on the top of the pillar, or else a figure erect of a woman crowned with turrets, holding a sword and cap of maintenance, with other ensigns of the City's grandeur and re-erection. The flames, however, we suppose, pleased the learned persons who sat in judgment, though the design of which they formed so characteristic a feature did not; so, like other architectural judges nearer our own day, they cut off the feature from where it was appropriate, and placed it where it was not—hence the gilt bunch, representative of flames, of the present structure. On the completion of the Monument, the genius of Cibber, the well-known sculptor of the figures of the two lunatics on the gates of old Bethlehem Hospital, was put in requisition to decorate the front part of the pedestal with an emblematical representation of the destruction and restoration of the City. It is not, however, one of the happiest of his efforts. The work is in alto and bas-relief, and contains numerous figures, symbols, and decorations. We have already transcribed a portion of the inscription on the north side of the Monument; that on the south commemorates what was done for the improvement of London in its rebuilding; another, on the east, the names of the Mayors of London who held office during its erection; and beneath this was originally a fourth, ascribing the fire to the "treachery and malice of the Popish faction;" which was cut away in the reign of James, then restored in deep characters during that of William III., and again erased a few years ago by a vote of the Corporation. Our readers are of course aware that it is to this Pope refers in his famous line where he says the Monument,



[Wren's First Design.]

"Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies."

In conclusion, it may be observed that Wren's plan would undoubtedly have secured to us both of the two great objects which should be sought in all our Metropolitan improvements, namely—complete and universally uninterrupted communication between all parts, and the increase of architectural beauty. But is it not too often forgotten, whilst the failure of that plan is being regretted, that it may *yet be carried into effect* in all its essential features? We do not mean to say that London can ever be brought to correspond with the design shown in our pages, nor is it necessary. Two or three great lines of communication from one end of London to the other; streets broad in proportion to their use, and the narrowest not too narrow for health or convenience; a quay along the bank of the river; and insulation of public structures, that is to say those worthy of such distinction;

are, we consider, the chief features of the great architect's proposals. What is to prevent us from realising all these now? Considerable progress has been made, or is making, already, with regard to the first two points; we hope yet to inhale the fresh breezes by the side of the pleasantest, because most "silent," of "highways;" and with regard to the better display of our public edifices, we are willing to look upon the improvements made around the Monument since the following drawing was taken as the commencement of a good work, of which the opening of the area around the same architect's greatest work, St. Paul's, shall be the next and more important fruit.

[Monument: eighteenth century.]

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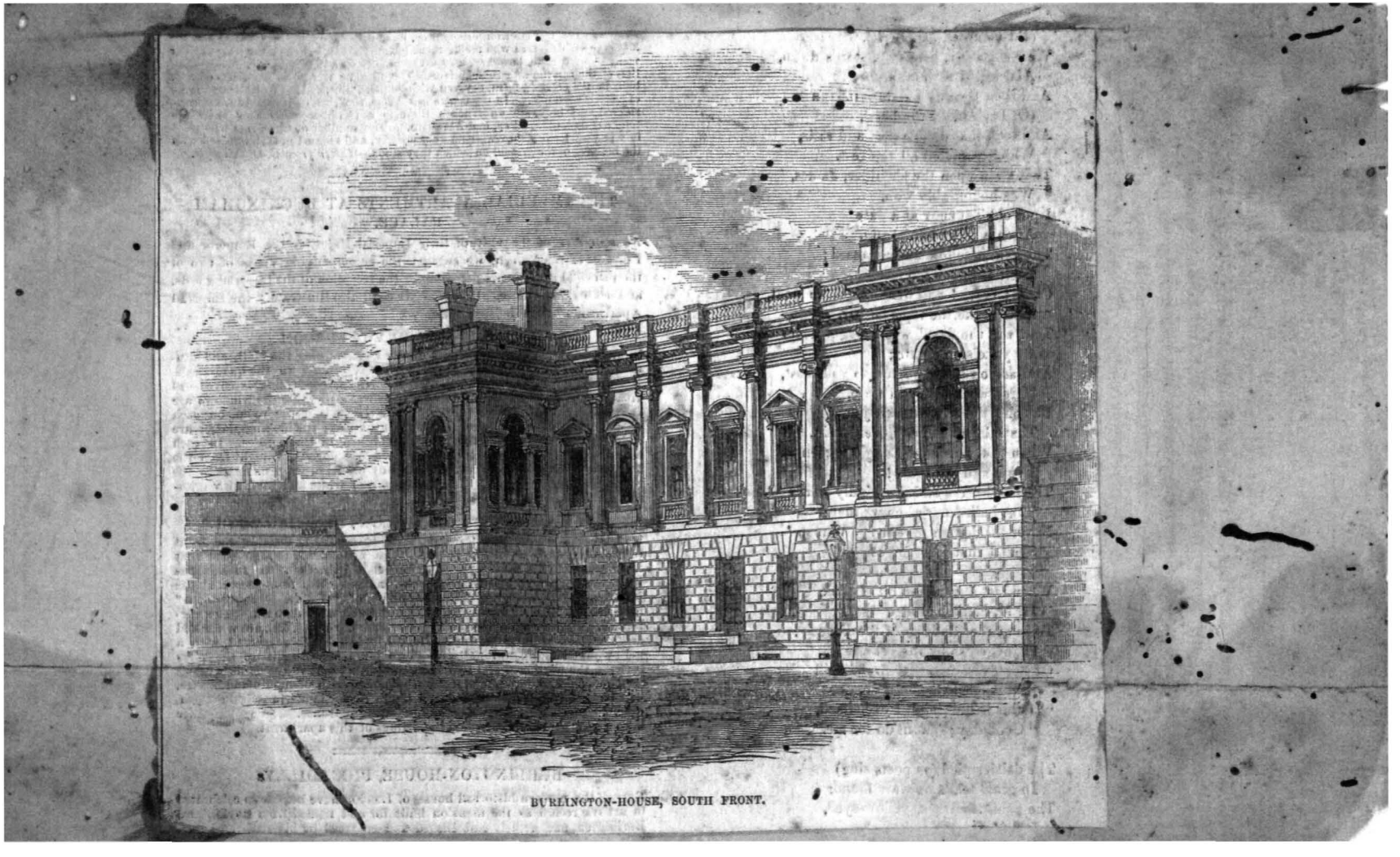
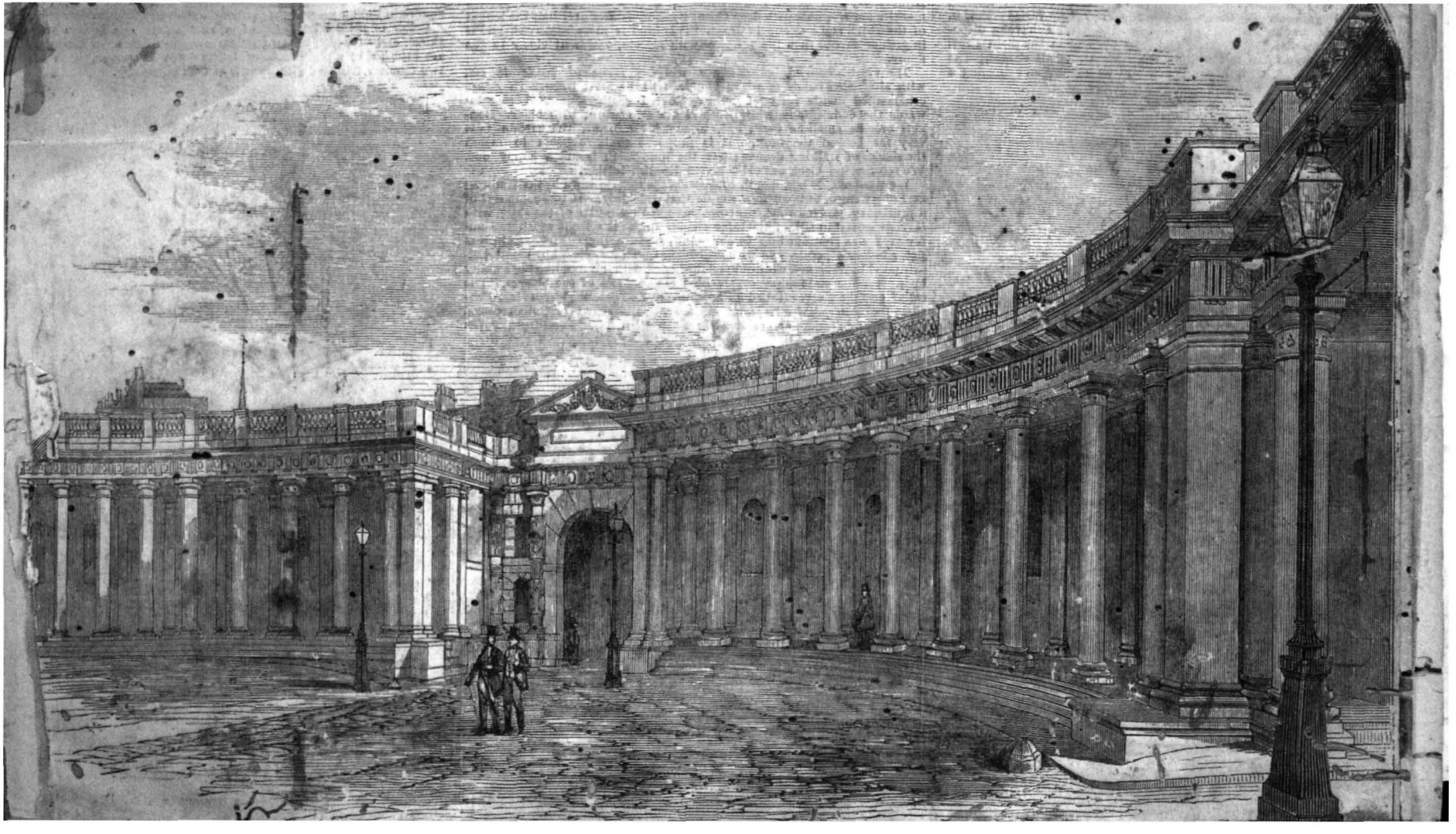


BURLINGTON-HOUSE, SOUTH FRONT.



here Handel resided with the Earl for three years; and here Pope, Arbuthnot, and Gay, often met. The latter poet, in his "Trivia," after lamenting the disappearance of the famed structures and stately piles of the Strand, thus refers to the Piccadilly mansion:—

> Yet Burlington's fair palace still remains;
> Beauty within, without proportion reigns.
> Beneath his eye declining art revives,
> The wall with animated pictures lives
> Here Handel strikes the strings—the melting strain
> Transports the soul, and thrills through every vein.
> There oft I enter (but with cleaner shoes),
> For Burlington's beloved by every Muse.

Sir William Chambers has described the mansion as "one of the finest pieces of architecture in Europe," "behind an old brick wall in Piccadilly." Pennant, however, considers that "the interior, built on the models of Palladio, and adapted more to the climate of Lombardy, and to the banks of the Adige or the Brenta, than to the Thames, is gloomy and destitute of gaiety and cheerfulness."

Lord Burlington died in 1753, when the title became extinct, and Burlington-house passed to the Duke of Devonshire. Several alterations

THE ENTRANCE GATEWAY, BURLINGTON-HOUSE.

were made in the interior, chiefly under the direction of Samuel Ware. The Duke of Portland, Prime Minister to George III., died in this mansion, in 1809, a few days after he had resigned the seals of office. In the western wing were temporarily deposited the Elgin Marbles, before they were removed to the British Museum. In 1814 White's Club gave here to the Allied Sovereigns, then in England, a grand ball, which cost £9489. Among the guests was Alexander, Emperor of Russia.

In 1815 Burlington-house was purchased of the Duke of Devonshire by his uncle, Lord George Cavendish, who repaired all those parts of the building erected by Lord Burlington; and, by raising the Venetian windows on the south front (*See the Illustration*), completed the Earl's design for this façade. Lord George Cavendish converted the riding-house and stables on the east side of the court-yard into a dwelling, as an appendage to the mansion, and built other stables behind the screen wall. His Lordship also rebuilt the mansion, except the front elevation and some rooms connected with it, maintaining throughout the alterations the decorative character of the preceding edifice. The same nobleman likewise restored the terrace and terrace-steps in the garden; and converted a narrow slip of ground on the west side of the house and garden into the "Burlington Arcade," built by Ware, in 1819: from the rental of which the Cavendish family are said to derive but £4000 a year, though the actual produce (from sub-leases) is stated to amount to £8640. On the east side of the gardens is the high range of buildings called "The Albany;" but its windows are shut out from view of the gardens.

The state apartments of Burlington-house are on the first-floor. Proceeding eastward from the great staircase, they form a suite of six rooms, richly ornamented with gilt. The ceiling of the saloon was painted by Sir James Thornhill. The great staircase was painted for the Earl of Burlington by Marco Ricci and his uncle Sebastian; the same artists painted the ceilings of the state dining-room, and the south-east drawing-room. Altogether, Burlington-house merits much of the praise applied to it in 1726—that it was "the only town residence really fit for a British nobleman;" but since that period some noble additions have been made to the mansions of the metropolis. The edifice and grounds are said to occupy about eight acres. The south front of the house, which we have engraved, is 130 feet in extent, and the height of it is 48 feet. A ground-plan is given in Britton's "Public Buildings of London."

The entrance archway has considerable pretensions to grandeur. Its characteristics are thus summed up in the "Curiosities of London," lately published:—

> The archway has a lofty pediment, flanked by the supporters of the Burlington arms, and supported by four rusticated columns, coupled. It is commemorated by Hogarth in a *caricatura* print (1731), inscribed "The Man of Taste, containing a View of Burlington Gate:" on the summit is Kent (served by Lord Burlington as a labourer), flourishing his palette and pencils over Michael Angelo and Raphael; lower down is Pope whitewashing the front, and bespattering the Duke of Chandos in the street. Ralph refers to the front as "the most expensive wall in England; the height wonderful, proportioned to the length, and the decorations both simple and magnificent; the grand entrance is elegant and beautiful; and, by covering the house entirely from the eye, gives pleasure and surprise, at the opening of the whole front with the area before it at once." Any passenger who has seen the mansion through the great gateway from the footpath may appreciate the above effect.

WESTMINSTER: *Memorials of the City, St. Peter's College, the Parish Churches, Palaces, Streets, and Worthies.* By the Rev. MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT, M.A. Joseph Masters, New Bond street.

It contains much information of the original condition, as far as it is known, of Westminster. "A dangerous waste extending round a small convent, newly built upon its highest elevation, a sandy gravelly soil, overrun with briars and thorns at the eastern extremity of a low marshy tract, frequently inundated by the swollen Thames." "Here the rude Briton laved his painted limbs in waters that were as an untravelled sea to his frail coracle; here the Roman knelt to the Apollo whose idol temple has given place to the Church of the true God, erected on its site; here the Saxon watched, fearful to behold each tide bear with it the galley of the Dane, until the pirate Northman came and drove him forth. The lone hut of the barbarian and the fire-wasted timbered house of the middle ages are supplanted by the long vistas of the stout stone and brick of modern days; each eloquent spot is big with the memories of the great and good. Here is planted the throne to which the three kingdoms bow; and its obedient vassals are the colonies on which the sun sets not, in the teeming islands of the West and the spicy provinces of the golden East." The transition is full of wonders, but it may be doubted if they are more than a faint type of the wonders yet to come, which some future historian of Westminster may have to record after it has ceased to be the seat of empire, though never perhaps—as it is about the centre of the habitable globe—to be other than the centre of the largest civilisation the world has yet seen, destined hereafter possibly to absorb every other civilisation in itself, or be absorbed in a larger scheme that shall embrace the whole family of man. Mr Walcott deals with the past, the future he justly leaves to its own historian. We will take a short extract to show some points in which the Westminster of Elizabeth's time resembled the Westminster of our time:—

FORMER CONDITION OF WESTMINSTER.

The state of the parish appears to have been most disastrous and wretched in this reign. Certain orders were taken on October 8, 25 Eliz., by Lord Burleigh, Sir William Cecil, K.G., and Dean Goodman, that "no butcher should kill in the common street, nor kill a bull unless it had been first baited and chased presently before the killing, upon pain of paying 3s 4d."

A wise proclamation however was issued—a model for these, as we fondly deem, enlightened times, when mendicancy too often is a better craft than honest labour, and out-thrives it through mistaken benevolence; for it was ordered in 1554, "the xvij day of September, that all vacabonds and lotherus, boyth Englys men and all manor of strangers, that have no master, should avoid the Cete and Suburbs upon grett payn;" and in 1567 we find that the Churchwardens "paied for a certifycate made of all the straungers within the paryshe, vjd.

The people in the courts and alleys, 27 Eliz., were stated to "be for the most part of no trade or mystery, and become poor, and many of them wholly given to vice and idleness, living in contempt of all manner of officers."

In 1585, during the spring, Fleetwood, Recorder of London, and other magistrates, making a general search, found in London seven, in the suburbs three, in Southwark two, and in Westminster six houses kept by receivers of felons, masterless men, and cutpurses, forty-five of whom were known by name, whose practice was to rob the chambers of gentlemen and artificers' shops. These haunts of crime were soon after suppressed.

Some of our readers too may learn something of the present civil government of Westminster from the following paragraph, though Col. Mayne and the police have now a great deal more to do with it than the Duke of Buccleuch:—

CIVIC CONSTITUTION OF WESTMINSTER.

However, by Act of Parliament, 27 Eliz., A. D. 1585, appointing twelve wards, and twelve burgesses and assistants, the civil rule is now entrusted to laymen, although the Dean still exercises his authority in the following manner. He and the Chapter appoint a High Steward, usually a nobleman of the highest rank, who holds his office for life, except in case of malversation; he resembles the Chancellor of either University. The High Steward appoints a deputy, like a sheriff, who is confirmed by the Dean and Chapter, and presides at the Court Leet.

The first High Steward was Lord Burleigh. The following are the names of his successors for the last century and a half.

—— His Grace James Duke of Ormond.
1784. The Right Hon. the Earl of Arran.
1759. The Right Hon. the Earl of Lincoln.
1770. His Grace Thomas Duke of Newcastle.
1795. The Most Noble George Marquess of Buckingham, K. G.
1813. The Right Hon. Henry Viscount Sidmouth.
1845. His Grace Walter Francis Duke of Buccleuch.

The Dean likewise has the appointment of a High Bailiff, who is confirmed in his office by the High Steward. He is returning-officer at the election of Members of Parliament, summons the juries, and sits next to the Deputy Steward in Court. Sixteen Burgesses, and as many assistants, are nominated by the High Steward or his deputy, from the householders of the several districts into which the city has been divided; but their duties are principally confined to an attendance at the Court Leet.

The book contains a great number of minute particulars of Westminster, collected from other books and vivified by personal inspection, as this—

THE COCK IN TOTHILL STREET.

The "Cock" public house in this street is traditionally said to have been the pay-table where the workmen received their wages at the building of the Abbey, in the time of Henry III. The rafters and timbers are principally of cedar. It was formerly entered by an ascent of many steps. In the parlour there is a massive carving of the Adoration of the Magi in solid oak, very ancient.